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VIEW OF THE TOWN OF KILLARNEY FROM AGHADOE ROAD.

KILLARNEY,

AND

THE SURROUNDING SCENERY:

BEING A

COMPLETE ITINERARY OF THE LAKES.

BY G. N. SMITH.

Embellished with Maps and Views from Original Drawings taken by him on the spot.

To which are added copious Notes, a Catalogue of Plants, and an Etymological Index of Irish Names.

BY G. DOWNES, A. B.

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1822.

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TO

The Right Honorable

CHARLES KENDALL BUSHE,

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE

Of His Majesty's Court of King's Bench.

MY LORD,

In the following work I have attempted to describe the most beautiful and most sublime district of this Island, under the various effects in which particular portions of its scenery appeared to me to the greatest advantage; and I have adopted a new and, I trust, efficacious method for carrying the stranger to the sites selected. A variety of details are given in connection with the main design, and the result of my labours I beg leave to inscribe to you.

The distinguished part which your Lordship has borne for a long period in the affairs of Ireland, and the high character which by the suffrage of all parties you have maintained, entitle your Lordship to the admiration of your Country; and as this is perhaps the only opportunity I shall ever possess of testifying my humble but ardent applause, I embrace it with the sincerest satisfaction.

I have the honor to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's obedient Servant,

GEO. NELSON SMITH.

Limerick, May 1822.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Dedication	iii.
Introduction	1
County of Kerry	5
Town of Killarney	9
Mails	11
Roads	12
Hotels—Inns—Lodgings	13
Boats—Boatmen—Guides	14
West Domain	19
Station 1	21
——— 2	22
Aghadoe	29
Round Tower	35
The Pulpit	37
Denagh Bridge	39
Danish Fort	ib.
Station 3	40
Deer-Park	42
Station 4	43
——— 5	44
Druidical Circle	46
Violet Hill	47
Station 6	ib.

PAGE.
Flesk Bridge 51
Cahirnane 52
Castlelough Bay 54
Station 7 .. .. ib.
Mucruss Abbey 58
Grounds of Mucruss 66
Station 8 68
The Peninsula 71
Station 9 72
Brickeen Bridge 76
——— Island 77
Station 10 .. .. ib.
Green Hills—Station 11 79
The Demesne of Mucruss 82
Station 12 .. .. ib.
——— 13 83
——— 14 84
Turk Waterfall 85
Side of Mangerton 87
Station 15 .. .. ib.
Mangerton 90
Devil's Punch-Bowl 91
Cairn 93
Station 16 95
Kenmare Road to Killarney 100
Station 17 .. .. ib.
———18 103
Kenmare House 105

PAGE.
Road from Killarney to Ross 106
Station 19 .. .. ib.
Ross Castle 109
Shores at the Estuary of Flesk River .. 112
The Arbutus 114
The Archipelago 117
Shores of Mucruss 119
Glena Bay 121
Music 125
Middle Lake 127
Station 20 .. .. ib.
Turk Mountain—Station 21 130
Glena Mountain—Station 22 133
O'Sullivan's Cascade 135
Lower Part of the Lower Lake 136
Innisfallen 137
Abbey of Innisfallen 138
Bed of Honour 143
Station 23 145
O'Donoghue's Prison 146
Reen Point 149
Station 24 151
Ross Bay 152
Station 25 153
Ross Castle (revisited) .. .. ib.
Station 26 154
Route to Upper Lake 157
Macgillicuddy's Reeks 158

PAGE.
Greenagh .. .. ib.
Station 27 159
Dunlow Castle 160
Gap of Dunlow 163
Station 28 165
Upper Lake 167
Ronayne's Island .. .. ib.
Station 29 168
Shores 172
Derricanihy Glen .. .. ib.
Hyde's Cottage 174
Station 30 175
Derricanihy Cascade .. .. ib.
Cromagloun 178
Station 31 .. .. ib.
Stag-Hunt 179
Upper Lake (revisited) 180
Station 32 .. .. ib.
Newfoundland 181
Coleman's Eye .. .. ib.
Eagle's Nest—Station 33 182
Old Weir Bridge 185
Dinas Island 186
Introduction to the Routes 188
Routes 191
Mineralogical Appendix, &c. 202
Botanical Index 207
Etymological Index of Irish Names 215
Directions to the Binder 223

INTRODUCTION.

STRANGERS who visit the justly celebrated scenery of Killarney, are generally limited in point of time, and, from want of any authentic directory, are usually conducted along such routes as the guides and boatmen have been accustomed to pursue, without any reference to the diversity of tastes, or previous arrangements of the visitants. In consequence of this, they receive nothing more than a general impression of the grandeur and luxuriance of this enchanting region, and depart without retaining in their memory any distinct traces of those particular beauties with which they had recently been delighted.

To obviate this inconvenience, is the principal design of the following pages. Verbal description, unaccompanied by graphic delineation, can

convey but faint ideas of real scenery; and mere drawings, unaided by an illustrative text, must be equally insufficient for the direction of the tourists. These two essential requisites are combined in the present publication; and although, in consequence of the expense of providing engravings, their number is necessarily limited, such stations have been chosen, as comprise the objects most frequently referred to.

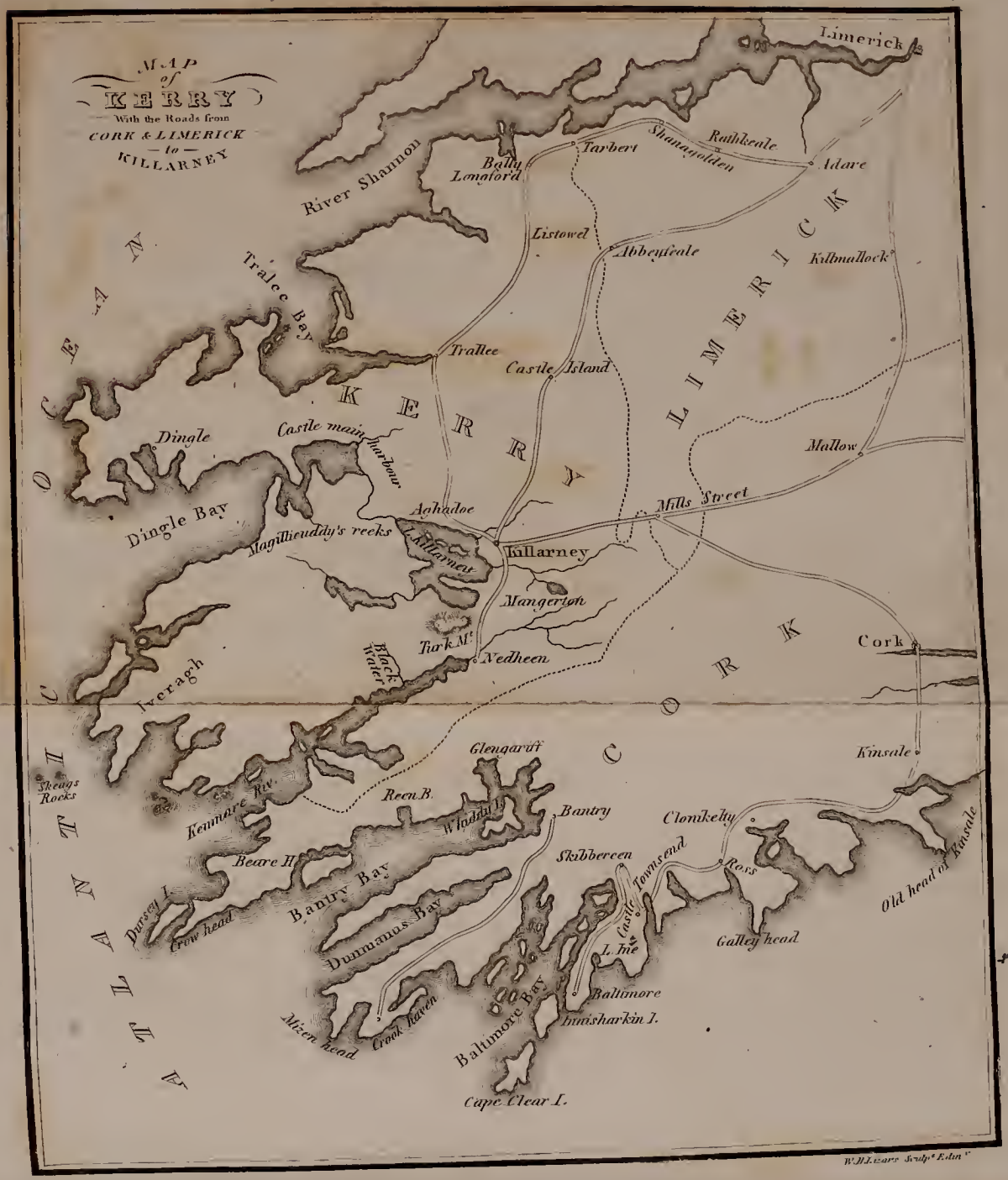
No former writer on the subject, has adopted the same method of arrangement or description, with that now offered to the reader; which, it is presumed, will be found materially useful in abridging the labour to which inquirers have been hitherto exposed, in turning over the pages of such diffuse, vague, or unconnected accounts of Killarney, as are already before the public. The whole is reduced to such a system of classification, as will ensure a continuity of walks, rides, or aquatic excursions.

In order to preserve the closest adherence to nature and truth, the account here given is transcribed, with little variation, from notes taken

immediately on the spot; and the single circumstance, that the entire was actually written amid the scenery it professes to describe, would justify the publishers in pronouncing this to be the most accurate, as it is the latest and most ample, itinerary of Killarney existing. The minor details which occur in the relations of the guides have been studiously avoided; and it has been a primary object with the writer, to bring into view such features of the scenery, as are universally interesting, and calculated to affect the mind either by their simplicity, their beauty, or their sublimity.

The Lakes of Killarney are seldom visited for scientific purposes, except by those who, being already well versed in their favourite pursuit, would find it superfluous to consult works of this kind, for disquisitions on the various subjects connected with natural history. As, however, it might facilitate the researches of professed collectors, and at the same time gratify the curiosity of the unscientific tourist, to be apprized of the leading geological and mineralogical features of

the country, an Appendix to that effect has been subjoined. The catalogue of rare plants, and the etymological index of Irish names, which have been also appended, will be found not unacceptable to the botanist and philologist; while care has been taken, throughout the Notes, to collect a variety of information, more exclusively addressed to such as are attached to the study of antiquities, but calculated also to enhance the satisfaction of the general traveller, by rendering him familiar with objects, which he will encounter at every step of his progress through this interesting island.


MAP
of
KERRY
With the Roads from
CORK & LIMERICK
— to —
KILLARNEY
Limerick
River Shannon
Bally Longford
Tarbert
Shanagolden
Rathkeale
Adare
Listowel
Abbeyfeale
Kilmallock
LIMERICK
Tralee Bay
Tralee
Castle Island
KERRY
Dingle
Castle main harbour
Mallow
Dingle Bay
Aghadoe
Mills Street
Magillicuddy's reeks
Killarney
Killarney
Mangerton
Cork
Bark M.
Nedheen
Black Water
Iveragh
CORK
Glengariff
Kinsale
Skeags Rocks
Kenmare Riv.
Recn. B.
Bantry
Clonakilty
Woodd
Skibbereen
Beare H.
Bantry Bay
Ross
Townsend Castle
Old head of Kinsale
Dursey I.
Crow head
Dunmanus Bay
Galley head
I. Inc
Baltimore
Baltimore Bay
Inisharkin I.
Mizen head
Crook haven
Cape Clear I.
W.H. Lizars Sculp. Edin.

Skeugs Rocks
Kenmare Riv.
Reen B.
Glengariff
Bantry
Whiddy I.
Beare H.
Bantry Bay
Dursey I.
Crow head
Dunmanus Bay
Skibbereen
Castle Townsend
Ross
Clonakelty
Kinsale
Old head of Kinsale
Galley head
L. Ine
Baltimore
Innisharkin I.
Baltimore Bay
Mizen head
Crook haven
Cape Clear I.
IRISH SEA
W.H. Lizars Sculp.t Edin.r

COUNTY OF KERRY.

As it is intended to avoid as much as possible, throughout this work, prolix and uninteresting details, and to dilate upon such topics alone as may be of practical advantage to the traveller, we might be justly accused of inconsistency, if we entered into any thing like a minute investigation of the general history of Kerry. Since, however, books of this description are generally consulted by tourists previously to commencing their excursions, as well as in their leisure hours—and allusion must occasionally be made, during our progress round the lakes, to those ancient chieftains who once enjoyed the supremacy of the surrounding country, (of the fortresses of whose power, and the depositories of whose ashes, some vestiges are still existing,)—it may not be wholly irrelevant to premise a few words on this subject.

As early as the second century, mention is made of the maritime parts of the county of Kerry, in the works of Ptolemy the geographer.

who appears to have examined the coast from the Kenmare to the Shannon. Those antiquarians who uphold the Spanish colonization of Ireland, assert that a considerable band of the Milesians entered the country along the former of these rivers, which was termed by Ptolemy the *Iernus*, supporting their opinion on certain etymological arguments, unnecessary to be introduced here. Some of the Irish historians allege, that this country has its name from Ciar, son to Fergus, King of Ulster; while others assert, and with more probability, that it is derived from Ciar-na-Luachra, son to Cork, a Munster monarch. By the monkish authors it was termed the country of St. Brandon, the patron saint, from whose name a lofty mountain in the western part of the county is still called Brandon Hill.

About the time of the English invasion, the county of Kerry was subject to a number of petty toparchs, among whom were the O'Connors, the O'Sullivans, the O'Donoghues (distinguished into the families of O'Donoghue More and O'Donoghue Ross), and the Mac Carthys.

After most of the other clans had been subdued, the chief of the Mac Carthys still maintained his independence, having intrenched himself among inaccessible mountains, woods, and fastnesses. Being however obliged, in consequence of a piece of domestic treachery, to apply for succour to the celebrated adventurer Raymond Le Grosse, the English at length obtained a footing in the country,—Mac Carthy himself having granted a considerable tract of land to Raymond, in which he settled his son Maurice, the founder of the present family of the Fitmaurices or Fitzmorrises.

During several centuries, the history of this county consists of little more than a tissue of alternate victories and defeats, experienced by the native chieftains and the adjoining English settlers, in which feudal contentions, the Mac Carthies and Fitz-Geralds were usually foremost. Notwithstanding the influence of hostile rancour, and national prejudice, the name of Mac Carthy More appears to have been always treated with respect. A member of this family was even ennobled by Queen Elizabeth, in 1565, under the title of Earl

of Glencare, and, although he afterwards became implicated in the rebellion of O'Neil, he was suffered, upon making a formal submission, to retain the undisturbed enjoyment of his estates until his death. Most of the families which have been settled in Kerry, during and since the reign of Elizabeth, have obtained their possessions out of the confiscated estates of the former inhabitants.

TOWN OF KILLARNEY.

THE town consists of a leading street, lying north and south, and of two smaller ones which branch off from it. One of these takes an easterly direction from the southern end of the Main Street, and the other diverges towards the west, nearly from the centre of the town. These streets are well paved and flagged throughout, and their width is found quite sufficient, owing to the cleanliness which prevails in every quarter.

The influx of strangers bent on objects of pleasure, and generally prepared to indulge in luxurious living, combined with the extended views of the late noble proprietor, have conspired to increase the size of the town, and to occasion the respectability of its present appearance. Killarney has indeed, owing to the operation of these two causes, at length become, from a straggling and insignificant hamlet, the residence of five thousand inhabitants.

Lord Kenmare's mansion is situated at the

southern extremity of the Main Street, from which it is divided by a high wall. Near this is the Church, a plain modern edifice, with a clock and slated steeple. Beyond it are the News-Rooms, to which strangers easily procure access, and which is supplied with books of general reference as well as with newspapers. Immediately opposite is the Mail-Coach Hotel. The nearest street on the right leads to the Roman Catholic Seminary, and to the Lancasterian School, which has been lately erected under the auspices of the Right Rev. Dr. Sughrue, and is conducted by the brethren of the order of St. Francis. Through this street the Cork road lies. Further down are the Market House and Post Office, beyond which the houses continue uninterrupted to a considerable distance. From this street a road branches to the right towards Castle-island; on the left, but more in the direction of the Main Street, is the mail-coach road to Tralee; opposite to the Market House a regular well-built street (in which are several commodious inns,) slopes off westward, and terminates at the West Domain

on the Aghadoe road. To the right of it is the Roman Catholic Chapel, and, nearly opposite, the Sessions' House. Farther down, stands an extensive Boarding School, and at the lower end, on the right, the Presentation Convent. The shops are numerous, and well supplied with such articles as are in general demand. The entire has an air of neatness, cleanliness and comfort; and the leading characteristics of the people are honesty and civility.

MAILS—The English, Dublin, Cork, Macroom, and Millstreet mails, reach Killarney every day at from twelve to twenty minutes after three o'clock in the afternoon, with the exception of the Dublin mail, which does not arrive on Tuesdays. They are despatched every day at nine o'clock in the morning. The Kenmare mail arrives at eight o'clock on Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, and is despatched at thirty minutes after three o'clock in the afternoon on the same days. The Tralee mail, also, arrives generally at ten minutes after eight in the morning,

and is despatched at thirty minutes after three in the afternoon, every day.

ROADS.—The great or leading roads to Killarney lie either through Cork or Limerick. From Cork a conveyance by the mail may be provided, but from Limerick travellers are obliged to post, either through Bandon or Castle-island. The establishment of the steam-packet between Limerick and Kilrush, has opened a new route, by which the fare of each person, from Limerick to Killarney, does not exceed three crowns. The packet puts off a boat to Tarbert island, where passengers from Limerick are landed,—the fare being five shillings and five-pence, or three shillings and nine-pence to those who go in the steerage. From thence, through Listowel to Tralee, well-appointed jaunting-cars may be hired at the expense of five shillings and five-pence each person, or chaises at the regular rate of posting. But, during the summer season, post-cars usually ply this distance at a much cheaper rate, and at Tralee the mail coach is met. Travellers may

regulate their time according to the advertisements of the steam packet, which are posted up in all the houses of entertainment at Limerick.

HOTELS—INNS—LODGINGS.—There are three hotels in Killarney, which afford every reasonable accommodation, and which mark the rapid increase and improvement of the town. Scarcely ten years have elapsed, since parties with carriages were indebted to the liberality of Lord Kenmare for a place to secure them against the weather. The preference which any one house may obtain over another is frequently determined by accidental circumstances, and, although it may appear invidious to particularise, we cannot refrain from noticing here the extreme satisfaction, which is universally expressed by those who have lodged at the establishment of Mr. Murphy, which is provided with accommodation for carriages, &c.

PROVISIONS are in Killarney remarkably cheap. Kerry mutton, so celebrated for its venison fla-

vour, seldom exceeds 3½d. a pound, and salmon is to be had fresh from the lake at 1d. a pound. Butter, the staple commodity of the district, is always reasonable. Killarney can boast of unadulterated and well-baked loaf bread, an article of very rare occurrence in the smaller provincial towns of Ireland. For this it is indebted to Stephen Galway, Esq. the Seneschal, whose enterprising spirit, and extended views, have conferred many advantages on the community.—Those who protract their residence here can procure lodgings—from a single room to a suite of apartments—the charges for which necessarily vary with their description and extent, but which are, in general, exceedingly reasonable.

BOATS—BOATMEN—GUIDES.—The procuring a guide who may have an intimate knowledge of all the paths and stations in the neighbourhood, and some perception of the beauties of nature, is of infinite advantage, in enabling visitors to avoid the fatigue of uninteresting excursions, and to secure an expeditious and satisfactory survey

of the entire region. Such are readily found, and may be engaged at a moderate hire. Boatmen of a similar character, should, if possible, be selected: and parties should be careful not to allow them the unrestrained use of spirits, in which some of them are perhaps but too much inclined to indulge, being always allowed refreshments when the company dine abroad on their excursions; they are, however, in general, exceedingly civil and obliging, and thoroughly acquainted with all the circumstances relative to the lakes. The fare is an English shilling for rowing each person through the Lower Lake, or shorter distances, and one and eight-pence for any longer stages, or when they are kept on duty all day. The general tenor of their conversation is so interlarded with marvellous accounts of enchantments, and other supernatural concerns, that it is difficult to separate these delusions from whatever solid information they may have gleaned, by listening to the observations of the more intelligent of their number. Those who will follow the usual routine adopted

by visitors, may have the use of Lord Kenmare's boats, which are under the direction of a regular superintendant, or pilot, as he is frequently called, and have been liberally provided by his lordship with the means of general accommodation. Small parties, single individuals, or such as would be œconomical, may hire a small boat, manned by a couple of rowers, and visit even the Upper Lake, at the rate of five shillings and five-pence a day. In all cases it is preferable that the company should fix on the route, and exercise their own judgment, as far as it may be practicable,—since many are obliged to dispense with visiting several interesting spots, through ignorance of their proximity to the route chosen.* A thorough acquaintance with the following pages will en-

* It would be inexcusable to conclude even this brief notice of the ecclesiastical metropolis of Kerry, without adverting to the advanced state of classical learning in its vicinity, and indeed throughout the entire county. Besides our own individual experience we have the testimonies of many distinguished writers to cite in support of this opinion.

"It is asserted that Latin has been very generally studied in Kerry, even by the lowest ranks of the

able any stranger, however inexperienced, to direct his course through all the scenery of the lakes and their environing shores, and enable him

---

people; and I have heard more than one gentleman bear testimony to the circumstance of barefooted boys having been found reading classical authors in the fields. It is related of one of these poor fellows, that, upon an expostulation having been made with him on such an unprofitable use of his time, he replied, with much spirit,—

"*Est quodam prodire tenus, si non datur ultra.*"

"A gentleman of my acquaintance, indeed, who was with me at Killarney, once happened to be present when a poor boy came into the inn yard, and asked for alms in Latin; and he observed that several of the towns-folk, who were by-standers, replied to him in that language, and, for some minutes, continued the conversation with apparent facility." *Weld's Killarney.*

"Concerning the genius of the common people of this country, which leads them to a knowledge of classical learning, somewhat is already noticed, p.67. I have in my survey met with some good latin scholars who did not understand the english tongue; particularly, one *Peter Kelly*, who lived in a very uncultivated part of the county, already described, called *Ballybog*. *Greek* is also taught in some of the mountainous parts, generally by persons who pick it up, as mendicant scholars, at some english school." "It is well known, that classical learning extends itself, even to a fault,

to detect any attempts, on the part of the boatmen or guides, to alter or abridge the intended excursion.

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among the lower and poorer kind in this county; many of whom, to the taking them off more useful works, have greater knowledge in this way, than some of the better sort, in other places." *Smith's Kerry.* In fact, many of the peasants are able to converse in three languages, the Latin, the English, and the Irish.

WEST DOMAIN.

We commence our walk by leaving Killarney through New Street, but obtain no prospect until we arrive at a small bridge over the river Denagh. Here the left side of the road is bounded by a high wall, but the right opens upon a cultivated spot which will be described hereafter. On passing the bridge, and knocking at a large gate on the left hand, admission is immediately obtained to the grounds denominated Lord Kenmare's West Domain. A path directly onward leads to a wooden bridge over the Denagh, beyond which we turn to the left, and, following the flexures of a walk well shaded with shrubs and forest trees, arrive at an open area, which extends from the rere of his lordship's mansion. Formerly a vista, terminated by Ross Castle, opened from the eastern angle of this terrace, but the intervening wood having been suffered to screen it out, there only remains a narrow telescopic view of the waters, and of

the lesser hills which trend away beyond the Lower Lake. In the evening, the line of water, seen over the tufts of trees which bound the lawn, forms merely a streak of light in the landscape, totally inadequate to counterpoise the overpowering masses of shadow, which everywhere surround it; during other parts of the day it is generally in obscurity, owing to the reflection of the mountains,—and at such times the whole scene is tame and unattractive.

There are several stations in these grounds, from which admirable prospects of the Lower Lake might be opened, so as to allow a view of the mountains in all their grandeur and sublimity, which at present are only partially visible. Instead of this, the pedestrian is hemmed in, during the remainder of his walk through the grounds, by quaintly trimmed hedges, flanking smooth gravel walks, as monotonous as art can render them. Sometimes the fatigued eye is relieved from the irksome repetition of these unvarying promenades, by an occasional shrub, the light foliage and pliant boughs of which may have

escaped the Vandal touch of perverted taste, and retained their natural luxuriance. On arriving at the wall which divides the shrubbery from Ross road, the views, though confined and partial, are agreeable, especially the lower walk across the lawn. At its western extremity we again meet the Denagh. A delightful path along the margin of this lovely stream conducts to the little wooden bridge, which we now recross. Instead, however, of leaving the grounds, we turn to the left up a rather sudden acclivity, and occupy the first station for a general view, at a clump of Scotch firs, which grow upon the brow of the hill.

Station 1.

The town of Killarney appears hence to much advantage, the whole extent of the Main Street, with its white walls and slated roofs, being disclosed to view, except in a few places, where tufts of foliage interpose their verdant masses, and heighten the charms of the scene by an agreeable relief against the buildings. The hedge-row

wood of the Aghadoe road terminates the prospect on the left, the most distant hill on which side is Tullig; and the nearer wood is Park, at the lower end of which Mr. Cronin's house is beautifully situated. The double-peaked hill, seen beyond the church steeple, is called the Paps; and, between it and Drumhoomper Hill (which is nearer to the right, and surmounted by Mr. Coltman's castle), is a valley, through which flows the river Flesk, from a fine conical mountain of the same name, but of which the view is excluded by the group of Scotch firs above-mentioned.

Ascending a little, and inclining towards the lakes, we take our next station at a little knoll, adorned with a group of mountain-ash trees, not a hundred yards distant.

Station 2.

We have now lost sight of the town, but gained—in addition to all the rest of the scenery—a view of Flesk mountain, and of the indented outline called Sronnabuie, lying further to the right. The lofty

Mangerton succeeds, reposing (as Gray would have said,) like a huge monster, too unwieldy to move. In a large hollow, that seems, as it were, scooped from the side of this mountain, there is a considerable lake,—and, near the summit of the western ridge, where a circular and steep crater appears, there is another, called the Devil's Punch-Bowl—remarkable for the perennial coldness of its water, and for its extreme depth, which has indeed never been fathomed. The top of Mangerton is generally obscured by the vapours which abound throughout the district—a circumstance which, owing to the tameness of its outline, is rather acceptable than otherwise to the lovers of picturesque effect, however disagreeable the consequences may frequently be to those who ascend to the summit.

The next mountain, westward, is Turk, with its central peak and two lateral projections. It is separated from Mangerton by a deep ravine, through which lies a rugged road, leading to the town of Kenmare. A stream, descending from the rocks, gurgles along this glen, until it dashes

down that frowning chasm, where you see it winding away to join the peaceful waters of the Middle Lake. This lake also bears the name of Turk, from Turk mountain, the base of which it washes from end to end. It is not visible from this station, but its place is easily discoverable by the position of the mountain. The receding hills in the centre decline towards the Upper Lake; and that mountain jutting forward directly in front is the beautiful Glena, with its graceful swells and sable forests, advancing on the Lower Lake. Next lies the double-peaked Tomies; and, lessening on the right, a succession of pointed hills of diversified forms verge towards the horizon, where they mingle with the heights that overhang Dingle Bay. Beneath is disclosed the great Lower Lake, expanding its spacious surface to the delighted eye, and peacefully laving its rich variety of wooded islands; the most conspicuous of which is Ross, having the castle of the same name at one extremity of it. The grounds of Mucruss stretch like a barrier in front of Turk, and the mouldering pinnacles of the

tower of the abbey may be seen overtopping the trees, where the peninsula bends round Castlelough Bay. The wooded grounds of Cahirnane, skirting the nearer margin of the bay, and the level inclosures of pasturage and lawns, extend to the station where we are now seated.

Nothing can be finer than this display of the most striking features of natural landscape, concentrated in the most diversified luxuriance. When the sun rises through a partially clouded atmosphere, the blue, withdrawing hills, hardly distinguishable from the lighter haze which overhangs the horizon,—the side of Mangerton tinged with a golden glow,—Turk deeply dyed in the coldest purple,—Glena seen smiling with its colouring of olive and brown,—the calm lake, reflecting the silver drapery of the sky,—form a magnificent assemblage of objects; while a line of quivering light glances along the waters, and glides, like the footsteps of a spirit, upon their surface. The undulating eminences, which gently ascend from the nearer shore, interpose a fine green amid the aerial tint of the lake, the un-

defined hue of the distance, and the fresh and varied colouring of the herbage that embellishes the foreground, thickly sprinkled with dew-drops that sparkle in the morning sun. Nor is the sight alone regaled—

> Up springs the lark,
> Shrill-voiced and loud, the messenger of morn.
>
> THOMSON.

The bleating of flocks which are scattered over the mountains,—the lowing of imprisoned cattle, which pace the rocky shores of the islands,—the distant voices of peasants, heard at intervals,—and the barking of dogs,—come softened on the ear; and—if sounds be picturesque—that call is eminently so, with which the early fisherman invites his mates to accompany him on his daily avocations:—

> But who the melodies of morn can tell?
> The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;
> The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
> The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
> In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
> The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
> The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
> The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
> And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.
>
> BEATTIE.

We continue our route by regaining the high-road, and proceeding on towards Aghadoe. The way is pleasing, and can be rendered extremely agreeable by pursuing a narrow lane, which leads down to Reen Point, until we arrive within a few yards of the main road. The view is along the lower part of the Lower Lake, and is seen to most advantage in the evening. The objects were all described at the last station;— but we have here a new foreground—and the position of many parts of the landscape is so much changed as to present a very different picture, full of softness, simplicity, and beauty.

Following the road, we soon behold the remarkable ruins on the ridge of Aghadoe Hill, which we approach by a path leading upwards to the right. The ascent is very fatiguing, but this disadvantage is amply compensated by the extensive views across the lake, which this eminence commands. Indeed, the least enthusiastic traveller, who rambles through these enchanting regions, will be disposed to sympathize in the feeling, which dictated the following lines of

a classic poet, who once resided at no very great distance from them; and to whose inability, in those turbulent times, to visit the scenery of Killarney,—or, perhaps, his ignorance of its attractions,—it is probably to be attributed, that no poem descriptive of the lakes, which has hitherto appeared, is at all worthy of the subject:—

The waies, through which my weary steps I guyde
In this delightfull land of Faery,
Are so exceeding spacious and wyde,
And sprinckled with such sweet variety
Of all that pleasant is to eare or eye,
That I nigh ravisht with rare thoughts delight
My tedious travell doe forget thereby;
And when I gin to feele decay of might,
It strength to me supplies, and chears my dulled spright.

SPENSER.

AGHADOE.

THE imperfect walls of the abbey church are all that now remain of the ancient episcopal edifice that once stood here. The narrow oblong apertures, which served for windows, mark its high antiquity—although the carved semicircular Saxon arch of the western doorway is of more modern erection. The exact period of the foundation of the original structure cannot be authentically traced; but Archdall's* quotation from the monkish annals of Innisfallen represents it as already an old abbey in 1231; and Weld† sup-

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* "AODH son of Conor, son of Auliff Mor O' Donoghue, King of Eoganacht Lochalein, died in the year 1231, and was buried in his old abbey at Aghadoe; of which we can learn no other particulars."—"Aghadoe, called anciently Aithedea." *Archdall's Monasticon Hibernicum.*

† "The writer of these annals" [those of Innisfallen,] "was a monk of the abbey of Innisfallen, who flourished at a period when the members of these religious communities were prone to attach considerable im-

poses it may have been founded earlier than the sixth century. We must remember, however, that the Rev. Dr. Ledwich* has proved, from

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portance to the antiquity of their establishments. The abbey of Innisfallen, to which he belonged, was founded as early as the sixth century, yet he emphatically styles this the *old* abbey of Aghadoe; a circumstance from which it may not unfairly be inferred, that its foundation was at least coeval with, perhaps anterior to, that of Innisfallen." *Weld's Killarney.*

* "From every evidence supplied by antiquity it is certain, the Irish had neither domestic edifices or religious structures of lime and stone, antecedent to the great northern invasion in the 9th century. Some years before the birth of Christ, Drusus erected fifty castles or forts along the Rhine, so that the calcination of stone and the preparation of mortar, could not be unknown to the natives, and yet an hundred years after, Tacitus assures us, the Germans did not use cement or mortar. A century later, Herodian and Dion Cassius declare the same. Tacitus does not say, the Germans were ignorant of mortar and its composition, that would have been impossible from their intercourse with the Romans, he only denies them the use of it: their riches, as this writer observes, were their flocks and herds, their life was pastoral; a state of society wherein no one expects to find durable structures. And yet they had skill enough to form subterranean gra-

evidences supplied by antiquity, that no building whatever of *lime* and *stone*, whether sacred or profane, existed in Ireland previously to the great northern invasion in the ninth century.

In the left angle of the further end of this edifice lies an ancient stone, engraven with the occult symbols employed by the Pagan priesthood, traces of which on this slab are with difficulty discernible. The *inscription* is greatly obliterated by time, if such a term can with propriety be applied to a diffuse range of those hieroglyphic marks called the *Ogham characters, which nei-

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naries and antrile chambers to secure their corn, and soften the severity of the winter's cold. Such was exactly the case with the Irish." *Ledwich's Antiquities of Ireland.*

* "Ogham, or Ogum *Characters,* among the Irish antiquaries, are certain characters found on monuments, and on old writings of a cryptographic, or stenographic nature: these antiquaries contend that their origin is very remote, and that their existence proves the justice of the claim which the Irish make to the use of letters at a period long antecedent to that when they were first introduced into the other Western nations of Europe." *Rees' Cyclopedia,* Article "Ogham."

ther antiquarian industry, learning, or fancy, has hitherto been able to decypher with certainty :—

> Cyphers of vague import, where the Eye
> Traces no spot, in which the Heart may read
> History or Prophecy of Friend, or Child,
> Or gentle Maid, our first and early love,
> Or Father, or the venerable name
> Of our adored Country !
>
> COLERIDGE.

It requires no search after the mouldering stones of this ancient fabric—no meditation over the obscure vestiges of characters perishable and forgotten like those who carved them—to be here re-

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Of these symbols there were three principal kinds, of which the virgular Ogum, as it is called, is the most curious, and is thus described in *Astle's Origin of Writing* :—" It was composed of certain lines or marks, which derive their power from their situation or position, as they stand in relation to one principal line, over or under which they are placed, or through which they are drawn; the principal line is horizontal, and serves for a rule or guide, whose upper part is called the left, and the under side the right; above, under, and through which line, the characters or marks are drawn, which stand in the place of vowels, consonants, diphthongs, and triphthongs."

minded of the fleeting state of mortality. It is presented to the senses, and forced on the mind, at every step. Skulls, bones, and fragments of coffins lie strewed in all directions, except towards the north of the building, where no graves are ever made:

'Tis a strange chance,
In some excursion toward the pleasant hills,
On happiest musing bent—to light upon
A lone and antient grave-yard. 'Tis, methinks,
Like somewhat on life's ocean met, that tells
Its unsuspected latitude. East and west
The light bark turns in quest of summer isles;
While the perfidious current, unperceived,
Bears northward to a mute and sunless coast
We little dream of,—'till we meet it thus,
Even in our gayest purposes.*

WILLS.

A peasant, repairing to Killarney very early one morning on a market-day, had to pass this cemetery in his way thither. Just as he began to descend the declivity beyond it, he was terror-struck

* This extract, and another which occurs elsewhere, are taken from a collection of manuscript poems. The name of the author has not been affixed to any of his productions hitherto published.

at the sight of a human skull, sometimes rolling a little way down the path before him, then stopping, again resuming its unequable motion, and finally remaining at rest. He halted in an agony of fear—but, having at length recruited his courage a little, he was meditating to approach the appalling object, when it suddenly commenced a new movement across the road, and determined him on making a speedy retreat. Meeting with several of his neighbours, who were travelling towards Killarney on similar business with his own, to whom he communicated the strange account, they proceeded onward together, "exploring every place with curious eye," and at length came within sight of the locomotive skull. Most of the party drew back, and, had they all fled, the agency of enchantment in the production of the phenomenon would have been strenuously advocated. Luckily however for the cause of truth, one peasant less credulous than the rest (armed with the sign of the cross and a panoply of orisons,) approached the miraculous relique, and discovered upon inspection that its

sanctuary had been invaded by a profane rat, who had entrapped himself within it in such a manner that he could not get out, and whose struggling had caused all their wonder and dismay. This circumstance has been repeated with a garniture of additional details, and—as in the case of the other miraculous relations with which this part of the country abounds—the simple and less palatable truth of the story is glossed over with a colouring of fiction, and the instrumentality of the enchanter's wand zealously asserted.

Opposite the north-western angle of the church is the lower part of a

ROUND TOWER.

This dilapidated fragment is elevated scarcely twelve feet above the ground, and is still rapidly crumbling away. The conflicting opinions which exist respecting the narrow cylindrical towers of Ireland, would lead into too wide a field of discussion to be entered upon here. However, as curiosity is always most alive where demonstrative certainty is least to be expected—and the

enjoyments of the tourist must be considerably enhanced by even a slight degree of preliminary information relative to the antique remains which are so thickly scattered over Ireland (but which the barbarism of these civilized times is actively employed in obliterating)—we shall briefly state—that these structures have been described as watch-towers by Walsh, belfries by Dr. Ledwich, places of penance by Collinson, and fire-temples by General Vallancey. All these opinions have been eagerly embraced and pertinaciously defended by many learned individuals; and yet it must be remarked—that none of them have emanated from any authentic sources of ancient record, but have been principally supported on coinciding probabilities, the aid of fancy being often called in to supply the deficiency of truth.*

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* We shall quote a few of these opinions, without venturing to decide upon their respective claims to credit. "Their figure somewhat resembles those slender high round steeples described by travellers in Turkey that are called minarets, adjoining to their mosques or temples. Cloghachd, the name by which they are still called among the native Irish, gives us a further

Having departed hence, and returning down the hill, we observe in a field, at a very short distance on our right, a heavy mass of building, vulgarly called

THE PULPIT.

This, notwithstanding its appellation, has evidently been a place of strength. The walls,

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proof of their original, that they were founded first by Ostmen: for the Irish word Cloghachd is taken from a foreign tongue, and being a term of art imports the thing it signifies must likewise be derived from foreigners, as were it necessary might be made appear by many instances. Now the Irish word does plainly owe its etymology to Clugga, a German-Saxon word that signifies a bell; from whence we have borrowed our modern word a clock; this appellation also shews the end for which these towers were built, for belfries or steeples, wherein was hung a bell to call the people to religious worship: but the cavity or hollow space within being so narrow, we must conclude the bell must needs be small, one of a larger size not having room to ring out or turn round, which argues too they are ancient, for the larger bells are an invention of later times, and were not used in the earlier ages of the church. These towers, the better to let out the sound, and make the bell heard at a greater distance, have all of them towards the summit four openings or

which are of massive solidity below, diminish a little in thickness towards the top, and the interior exhibits the appearance of having been divided into several stories. There is no record known to exist concerning this structure, which does not appear to have been an appendage to the buildings of the Abbey; although, from its proximity, it might once have been included in the establishment, as two similar remains, attached to Quin Abbey in the county of Clare, undoubtedly were.

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windows, opposite to one another, that regard the several quarters of the heavens, and though they agree much in their shape, yet they so far differ in their model, that some remarkable distinction may easily be observed between one tower and another." *Boate's and Molyneux's Natural History.*

" The reverend Mr. Ledwich, in his dissertation on the round towers, has collected much matter concerning them and their use since the times of christianity; but I am of opinion, that these towers are of a more ancient date than he allows, and that they are of Scythian origin." *Vallancey's Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis.* The General endeavours subsequently to identify the Irish round towers with those of the continent, a perfect specimen of which exists in Bulgaria, and which, from the etymology of its name, he infers to have been a fire-tower.

Retracing our former path, we descend to the main road, and return to

DENAGH BRIDGE,

the point at which we entered the West Domain. Here we follow a pleasant foot-way along the side of the stream, and observe an eminence in front, over which the enclosure of a rath or fort is plainly distinguishable, where we shall find a site which commands a new and extensive view of the surrounding country. After passing Galway's Mills, we turn to the right, and enter upon the Tralee mail-coach road, from which we cross into the field formerly noticed, and seat ourselves upon the mound which encompasses the

DANISH FORT.*

In taking a survey of these general views, it is always better to begin at the extremity on either

* One of those motes or raths, which abound throughout Ireland, and the construction of which has been generally ascribed to the Danes, although the evidence on which this opinion rests is far from convincing. "The raths are large circular motes, upon the tops of hills; some raised to a very great height. They are in general so situated that a correspondence, by sig-

side (perhaps the left), and direct the eye round the distant parts first,—then explore the central features by returning in a contrary direction,—and finish with those objects which occupy the immediate fore-ground.

Station 3.

Here we behold, far to the east, part of a hill beyond the Paps, and, farther to the south, the fine outline of Glenflesk mountain; next, Mangerton, in all its magnitude; and—between Turk and Glena in front—a finely broken assemblage of receding mountains, which surround the bed of the Upper Lake. Tomies and its decreasing chain

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nais, could be expeditiously circulated from one to another, throughout the country. They are commonly called Danish forts, from an idea that they were stations occupied by the Danes, during their plundering possession of Ireland, about the eighth century. But they are probably of much greater antiquity, even prior to the common use of stone buildings, although they might have been used by the Danes, as above mentioned."—*Neilson's Irish Grammar.* The word *mote* is of Teutonic origin, and signifies *a judicial assembly.* It still exists in the compound *Wittenagemote,* for which see Blackstone.

G.N. Smith delt.

W.H. Lizars Sculpt Edin.r

gradually diminish towards the west, and above it shoot up the towering peaks denominated M'Gillicuddy's Reeks. The Lower Lake, speckled with its numerous islands, is from no point more distinctly seen than from this station, but no part whatever of the other lakes is visible. The town of Killarney exhibits a beautiful appearance among the woods and cultivated enclosures, laid out as in a map before the eye. The range of mountains here is of so great an extent, that it detracts from the grandeur of their effect, notwithstanding the flatness of the intermediate grounds (especially of those about the lakes), and the level expanse of water, which stretches from the eastern point of Turk all along to the eastward of Tomies Mountain. Perhaps one reason for this comparative minuteness is—that the station chosen is at too great a height; for, although it is not absolutely on a hill that we take our stand, the elevation is still sufficient to raise the point of sight a great way up the mountains, and the sense of altitude, imperceptibly impressed on the mind by the abrupt declivity at our feet, reduces their ap-

parent magnitudes. On the left is a view of the

DEER-PARK

of Lord Kenmare. Having observed its situation, and pursued the road leading off towards the left (which can now be easily traced), we proceed onward to the gate; having passed through which, and turned back for a short space inside the wall, we enter a wooded walk along the course of the Denagh. This river flows here through a small but romantic glen, the scenery of which, in proportion to its extent, does not yield to any in the neighbourhood of Killarney,—and is always much admired as being the only specimen of cultivated, and at the same time secluded nature, in the vicinity of the lakes. The walks are well laid out, and so contrived as to traverse some delightfully sequestered spots. The tangled roots of copse-wood, interwoven like wicker-work, and trailing along the impending banks,—the trunks of the oaks, fantastically ramified, and enlaced with ivy,—the graceful meanderings of the rippling river,—and the occasional openings of the avenues,—regale the delighted eye, until a bridge and railing appear, en-

compassed by a profusion of picturesque objects. We ascend hence towards the right by a devious path, and emerge from the dell on a lawn, studded with the oak, the elm, the ash, and other forest trees, some of which are grouped together in very large clumps.

Station 4.

We now cross to the great oak wood that overhangs Killarney. At the gate in the wall, which cuts off that portion of the grounds in the possession of Mr. Cronin, we obtain, through a vista, a glimpse of the view drawn by Fisher, and engraved by Vivares, in 1770. This scene forms part of that described at the station near the Danish Fort, and the only additional feature which will occur to the observer is Turk Mountain, the appearance of which is at present so grand and solemn, when compared with that of the unpicturesque, rectangular breaches and fissures, which were known to disfigure it half a century since, but which are now hidden by the growth of the timber upon its sides. Traversing the road towards the west, we pass

Park House, and enter a second wood, at a very picturesque little cabin, which—seen from among the trees over against the grounds, with a gentle hill to the north—strongly resembles those forest pieces, so admirably transferred from nature to the canvass by the artist Waterloo, whose genius expatiated so widely amid the rich, sylvan scenery of Flanders. Passing Aghahunnig bridge on the Cork road, a little hut appears immediately beyond it, supported against the steep bank of the road, and said to have been built in the reign of King William.—Hence we climb the grounds of Lisnavigeen, and halt on the brow of the second eminence.

Station 5.

Here the superiority of a view directed *along*—rather than *across* the Lower Lake—is strikingly evident. Although its northern shore is in a range with the eye, the lines are altogether so beautifully contrasted,—the hills appear under such a delightful variety of prospect,—and the balance of the different parts of the picture, is so accu-

rately proportioned—that scarcely any thing is wanting to complete it. The break on the left, allowing a partial glimpse of Glenflesk, however attractive it might be in other situations, is here only a secondary object. We must direct our eye across Aghahunnig bridge, whence we have just ascended, to behold the distant mountains which bound the bay of Dingle, fading away into a blueish haze immediately in front of us,—and, nearer and more distinct, those of the Lower Lake on the south, increasing in grandeur as they approach. The beautiful Glena is conspicuously prominent, round which the lake flows off to the left, among the declining mountains. Farther eastward stands the triply-peaked Turk, and—between it and Glena—we can descry the various abrupt hills and crags, which hem in the passage to the Upper Lake.

The Middle Lake (which extends, as we before stated, along the base of Turk mountain,) is hid by a long screen of foliage, crowning the peninsula of Mucruss.

Towards the north lie the Hen and Chicken Islands. Ross Castle and Innisfallen are the principal objects on the Lower Lake, which is terminated by low wooded grounds, rising into gently swelling slopes as they approach on the right. The town of Killarney, smoking in the middle ground, is partially seen through the luxuriant woods which surround it, and which continue onward to the spot where we are now stationed — the trees on each side forming a noble frame to the magnificent picture we have described. Those who are curious in antiquities, may visit a

DRUIDICAL CIRCLE*

in this neighbourhood ; consisting of seven upright

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* "The similarity of this circle, and the still more striking similarity of several larger circles, that have been discovered in other parts of Ireland, to some of the druidical remains in the isle of Anglesea, afford strong grounds for believing that they were constructed by the same order of men. But notwithstanding this circumstance, as well as the exact resemblance of the *cromlechs* in Ireland to those found in Anglesea, which are generally admitted to be the work of the druids, it is maintained by several writers on Irish an-

stones, surrounded by a raised earthen inclosure, with the addition of two larger ones, placed at the distance of about twenty yards from the former. Neither the stones, nor the space they occupy, is very large. Returning over the bridge, we either go on straight to Killarney by the Cork road, or turn up to

VIOLET HILL,

where there is a grove of firs, conspicuous from many places about the lakes, and from which there is one of the best general views of the surrounding scenery.

Station 6.

The difference between the view here obtained, and that from the gate in the Deer Park, arises from its position nearer to the water. Here a

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tiquities, that the druids were unknown in Ireland; and these stone circles are attributed to the votaries of Budth, the Phœbus or Apollo of the Irish, who, like Vishnou, the Apollo of the brahmins, is supposed to have undergone nine incarnations; hence, the nine stones of which the circles are found most commonly to be composed." *Weld's Killarney.*

more striking assemblage of objects greets the eye, their number being fewer, and their character far more picturesque. This station is nearly the reverse of that on the hill in the West Domain, and is seen to great advantage at sun-set: for the less interesting details in the distance are then under the strong influence of the solar rays, while Glena and the nearer grounds are in negative light, or deep shade,—acquiring much grandeur from this circumstance, and the contrast they afford to the vivid refulgence of the departing luminary.

The high road runs by the field in which we are now stationed, and which is not five minutes' walk from the town. This is exceedingly convenient for such as remain any length of time at Killarney, as they have an opportunity of frequently resorting hither to enjoy the infinite diversity of effects, which the glorious scenery around produces in endless succession. I once experienced the exquisite pleasure of witnessing from this spot that peculiar phenomenon which sometimes occurs about sun-set, and which is so admirably described by Mr. Weld.

"Occasionally an effect is produced by the setting sun, on the range of mountains bounding the lake, not less beautiful than rare, and totally differing from what I remember to have seen in other mountainous countries; though doubtless, in particular situations the same appearance may result from the variations of the atmosphere. I can only attempt to give an idea of it by describing it as displaying the mountains in a transparent state, and suffused with a lively purple hue. Varying however from the aërial aspect of distant mountains, all the objects upon them, rocks, woods, and even houses, are distinctly visible,—more so, indeed, than at noon day; whilst at the same time their forms appear so unsubstantial, so ethereal, that one might almost fancy it possible to pass through them without resistance. I happened to be alone when I first witnessed this singular and beautiful phænomenon; and having communicated it to some friends who were with me at Killarney, we several times walked down to the lake when the state of the atmosphere seemed propitious; but being frequently disap-

pointed in our hopes of beholding it, my description began to pass for the mere creation of fancy: at last, however, the mountains put on this magical aspect, and incredulity instantly gave place to admiration and delight. This appearance is very transient, continuing only for about ten minutes, whilst the sun approaches the earth and is sinking below the horizon. The mountains on which it is observable are Tomies, and those which lie next to it in the chain towards the west."

G.N.Smith del.

W.H.Lizars Sculp. Edin.

THE LOWER ' 'KE FROM FLESK ROAD.

FLESK BRIDGE.

A little beyond Violet Hill, there is a bridge over the river Flesk, which rises on the mountain so often mentioned, and, flowing through a valley and round Drumhoomper Hill, passes under this bridge, and glides away into the Lower Lake. Every fall of rain, and almost every heavy shower, causes a correspondent fluctuation in the waters of the Flesk—so that the ridge of stones, a little below the bridge, (over which the stream merely murmurs in summer,) is occasionally quite covered, and breaches are frequently the result when the floods are much swollen. The views from the bridge are amusing, rather than grand or beautiful. Sometimes the walls of Ross Castle appear completely white, and form a picturesque contrast to the sombre colouring of Glena,—while, at other times, their gray and gloomy hues are strikingly opposed to "the mountain's living drapery."

In the forenoon, gleams of light of a peculiar

nature, often illumine Glena—originating not so much from the coruscations, that flash out between the rifts of the clouds, as from the partially diaphanous state of the atmosphere; and these are most frequently seen from the Flesk road.

> Hath Nature then no spirit?—Look upon
> Yon bursts of rapid light swift glancing o'er
> The bosom of the mountains—they are thoughts
> By Nature in triumphant mood expressed,
> From hill to loftier hill,—o'er many a bright,
> And many a dusky field,—brown heaths and tracts
> Of green and flowery freshness, among which
> The mountain flock is seen: while, higher up,
> Half-way to its proud summit, sits a cloud,
> Reposing upon yonder towering cliff,
> That rules the wide perspective.—
>
> WILLS.

Beyond the bridge, and somewhat on the right, is

CAHIRNANE,

the seat of R. T. Herbert, Esq. Advance along the avenue, and pass the house, which, although low, is roomy and comfortable. The straight line of approach serves to set off to advantage the beautifully winding course of the walks, which intersect this Paradise of sweets. What art tries to mimic in less favoured regions

is here presented by nature, in all the superior charms of her rich and appropriate garb. One might sit for hours before that inimitably luxuriant and diversified bank, imbibing new pleasure from every breeze, and every occasional ray that transiently illumines it. How gracefully does that airy group of ash impend over the rock, at whose base the fox-glove bows beneath a weight of purple bells, while its sides are luxuriantly clothed with lichens of the most varied and gorgeous dyes;—

> The living Stains which Nature's hand alone,
> Profuse of Life, pours forth upon the Stone;
> For ever growing; where the common Eye
> Can but the bare and rocky Bed descry:
> There Science loves to trace her Tribes minute,
> The juiceless Foliage, and the tasteless Fruit;
> There she perceives them round the surface creep,
> And while they meet, their due distinctions keep;
> Mix'd but not blended; each its name retains,
> And these are Nature's ever-during stains.
>
> CRABBE.

The long, trailing briar, winds round the precipice in serpentine festoons, and the fern mingles with the innumerable diversity of flowering shrubs that crown its brow.

In such luxurious plentie of all pleasure,
It seem'd a second paradise to ghesse,
So lavishly enricht with nature's threasure,
That if the happie soules, which doe possesse
Th' Elysian fields, and live in lasting blesse,
Should happen this with living eye to see,
They soon would loath their lesser happinesse,
And wish to life return'd again to bee,
That in this ioyous place they mote have ioyance free.

Fresh shadowes, fit to shroud from sunny ray;
Faire lawnds, to take the sunne in season dew;
Sweet springs, in which a thousand nymphs did play;
Soft-rombling brookes, that gentle slomber drew;
High-reared mounts, the lands about to view;
Low-looking dales, disloignd from common gaze;
Delightfull bowres, to solace lovers trew;
False labyrinthes, fond runners eyes to daze;
All which by nature made did nature selfe amaze.

SPENSER.

Incline now towards the lake, and approach

CASTLELOUGH BAY,

enjoying at every step a new disposition of scenery. Ascend that high and abrupt rock by an easy, winding path, and you will obtain a completely novel prospect of the waters.

STATION 7.

THE foreground is that part of the shore next

to what is called the Fishery. From our station being so little elevated above the water, the level surface of the lake affords an agreeable resting place to the eye, while Glena bursts majestically upon the view, over the intricate assemblage of islands south of Ross,—whose castle, relieved against the distance, breaks the low outline with great effect. Aghadoe is seen on the right, and the trees of Cahirnane terminate the prospect in that direction; but on the left a part of Mangerton appears, with its base hidden by the green hills east of Mucruss. Between us and Turk Mountain, we perceive the top of the abbey and Mucruss House, with the woods and rocky shores of the peninsula stretching along to Glena Bay, the view of which is obstructed by the intermediate archipelago. Many spots round this station command admirable specimens of scenery of the low foreground description, rendered exceedingly interesting by the interruptions in the prospect, which the shifting positions of the islands with respect to each other occasion at every change.

In these landscapes Ross Castle generally forms a very prominent feature: but we are frequently compelled to lament that absence of all taste, which annexed a pile of modernly built barracks to the ancient tower, and adulterated the landscape still more by whitewashing them. These barracks, unless when in shade, or obscured by the humidity of the weather, are always offensive to the eye of the observer—nor can they be easily omitted in drawings, without the sacrifice of too considerable a portion of the mountain scenery, as there are very few points of view which admit of the introduction of trees to conceal the blemish. We may now wander round Castlelough Bay. The name is nearly all that remains of the fortress, which formerly stood here.* Leaving, therefore,

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* "Nearer to *Killarney* stands the ruins of *Castle-Lough,* built on a rock surrounded by the lake; it was entirely demolished in the wars of 1641."—*Smith's Kerry.*

"The old fortress of Castle-lough stands on an insulated rock near the head of the bay. Its position might have rendered it strong; but it was too much limited in extent, to have been a place of great impor-

the antiquary to explore its site, let us direct our course towards Mucruss, and—turning a little to the right on entering the demesne—approach the ruins of its celebrated abbey.

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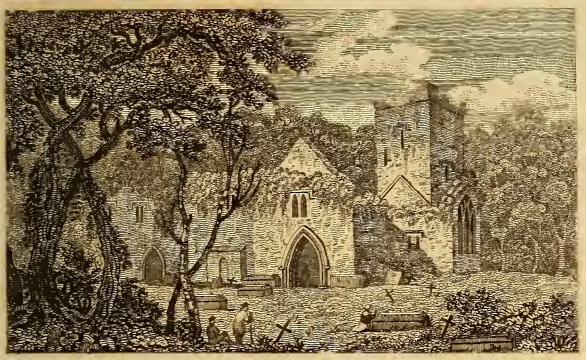
tance. So completely was it demolished by the parliamentary army, that the few remaining fragments of the walls are now scarcely discernible from the rocks on which they rest. The name of Castle-lough is at present given to a neat little villa belonging to Mrs. Delany, the grounds of which are prettily disposed."—*Weld's Killarney.*

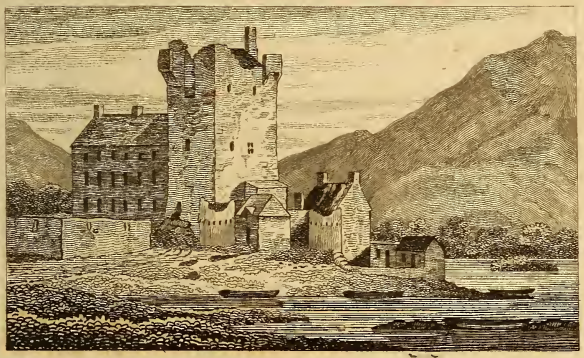
MUCRUSS ABBEY

Is situated on a rising ground, at the distance of about a furlong from the lake; although in Walmsley's view the waters are seen close under its eastern window, with the slender loop-holes reflected on their calm surface. The secluded sanctity of this place is violated by an ugly palisade, which extends all round from the transept to the north-western angle of the building, where it is met by a high wall, which bespeaks the intrusion of modern desecrators on the venerable sanctuary. View No. 9 exhibits the prospect under the western door, shewing the nave and arched entrance from it to the transept on the right, with the chancel and eastern window, through a slender Gothic arch—four of which (placed at right angles,) support the steeple. Under that on the left is the passage into the cloister, which forms an area of fifty feet square, and has an arched walk all round. The west and north sides of the square have severally six Saxon arches, while the oppo-



SOUTH WEST VIEW OF MUCRUSS ABBEY.

№ 6.



ROSS CASTLE.

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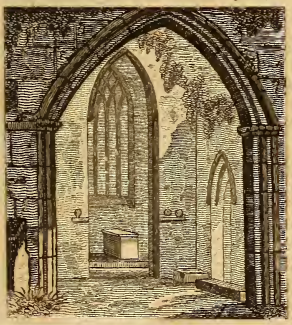

№ 9.

INTERIOR OF MUCRUSS ABBEY. CLOISTER OF MUCRUSS ABBEY.

G.N.Smith del.ᵗ W.B.Lware Sculp.ᵗ

site sides have only five arches each, which are Gothic. The pillars between them are all nearly of the same form. At the entrance, and also at the opposite angle, there are flights of steps, which lead to the upper apartments. We may ascend by that at the entrance, and view the dilapidated state of the cells and dormitories, overgrown with rank grass and saplings. From the embattled walk round the cloister we obtain glimpses of the lake, glittering in chequered brightness through the abundant foliage of the trees,—being occasionally obliged to push aside the extended branches of a noble yew, which grows from the centre of the area below, and spreads widely in every direction. A view of this venerable tree is given in plate No. 10. Grose* states,

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* "THOUGH this is commonly now called Mucrus Abbey, its old appellation was Ivrelagh, or the Building on the Lake. It is in the barony of Magunihy, on the margin of Lough Lean, or Lake of Killarney. Donald Mac Carty, in the year 1440, founded a friary here under the invocation of the Holy Trinity for Conventual Franciscans: he repaired it in 1468, a few months before his decease. Since that time it has

that this abbey was founded by Donald Mac Carthy in 1440, for conventual Franciscans, and dedicated to the Holy Trinity,—and that it was rebuilt in 1602: but from an inscription on a stone in the wall, near the eastern window at the north side of the chancel, we learn that the

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continued the cemetery of the Mac Carty family. Donald, Earl of Clancare, was interred here, as was Patrick, Lord Kerry, the earl's nephew, in 1600.

IT was again repaired in 1602, but afterwards suffered to decay. The walks are surrounded by a venerable grove of ash trees, which seem to grow spontaneously from the ruins of the abbey. The choir, nave, and steeple are entire, and there are many decayed tombs. The cloysters are also standing, and consist of several Gothic arches of solid marble, which inclose a small square, in the centre of which stood a remarkably tall yew-tree; its spreading branches, like a great umbrella, overshadowing the niches of the whole cloyster, forming an uncommon and very picturesque covering. A bell, not many years ago, was found in the adjacent lough, and from its inscription it appeared to have belonged to this Abbey. A miraculous image of the Virgin Mary was said to have been formerly preserved here. On the dissolution, the site and revenues of this house were granted to Capt. Robert Collan, who assigned them to Bishop Crosbie." —*Grose's Antiquities of Ireland.*

repairs were made in 1626. After visiting the apartments attached to this part of the edifice, descend to the refectory, kitchen, vaults, &c. Several of these are piled full of boards, taken from the graves while still undecayed, in order to make room for fresh coffins; as this is a favorite place of interment, and funerals are often conducted hither from very great distances. This predilection does not arise, as some have asserted, from its being considered a place of superior sanctity,—but from the inclination of the people always to deposit their dead in the original family burying-ground, and the circumstance—that the whole region is inhabited by few who are not united by some tie of consanguinity, however faint. Hence, it is by no means strange that funerals should be very frequent here, and also at Aghadoe, where the same causes operate.

In the external angle, formed by the nave and transept, there is an immense pile of skulls and bones of the human skeleton, heaped up in promiscuous confusion. A large ash tree stands be-

side this appalling charnel-house, and waves its drooping foliage over it. If the young and the thoughtless could pause here without being disgusted at the sight, and moralize on the scene before them, many an useful lesson might be impressed on their minds. Those, whose bones are here tossed about, undistinguished and unknown, once partook of the same state of existence we now enjoy, and have only passed away a little earlier than ourselves to those regions, where "the wicked cease *from* troubling: and" where "the weary be at rest." It is in scenes such as this that the "solemn night-born adjuration" of the author of the Complaint (an extract from which we cannot forbear introducing,) assumes its full supremacy over a well regulated mind:

"By thousands, *now,* resigning their last breath,
"And calling thee—wert thou so wise to hear!
"By tombs o'er tombs arising; human earth
"Ejected, to make room for—human earth;
"The monarch's *terror!* and the sexton's *trade!*
"By pompous obsequies that shun the day,
"The *torch* funereal, and the nodding *plume,*
"Which makes poor man's humiliation proud;
"Boast of our *ruin!* triumph of our dust!

"By the damp vault that weeps o'er royal bones;
"And the pale lamp that shews the ghastly dead,
"*More* ghastly, through the thick incumbent gloom!
"By visits (if there are) from darker scenes,
"The gliding spectre! and the groaning grave!
"By groans, and graves, and miseries that groan
"For the grave's shelter! By desponding men,
"Senseless to pains of death, from pangs of guilt!
"By guilt's last audit! By yon *moon* in blood,
"The rocking firmament, the falling stars,
"And thunder's last discharge, great nature's knell!
"By Second *chaos;* and Eternal *night.*"—
Be Wise— Young.

The situation of Mucruss Abbey is very fine, but many of the features are altered which distinguished it about forty years ago, when it was visited by Mr. Young,* the traveller. At that pe-

* "From hence entered the garden, and viewed Mucruss abbey, one of the most interesting scenes I ever saw; it is the ruin of a considerable abbey, built in Henry the VIth's time, and so entire, that if it were more so, though the building would be more perfect, the *ruin* would be less pleasing; it is half obscured in the shade of some venerable ash trees; ivy has given the picturesque circumstance, which that plant alone can confer, while the broken walls and ruined turrets throw over it

The last mournful graces of decay,

riod, the intrusive and ill-judged appurtenance of a paling had not yet been erected,—nor had the hand of the decorator yet felled a tree, or eradicated a weed. There is no beauty in the architecture of the exterior—no imposing massiveness in the dimensions of the venerable structure—to justify its exposure to the garish eye of day; but it should have been preserved in that sombre soli-

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heaps of skulls and bones scattered about, with nettles, briars, and weeds sprouting in tufts from the loose stones, all unite to raise those melancholy impressions, which are the merit of such scenes, and which can scarcely any where be felt more completely. The cloisters form a dismal area, in the center of which grows the most prodigious yew tree I ever beheld, in one great stem, two feet diameter, and fourteen feet high, from whence a vast head of branches spreads on every side, so as to form a perfect canopy to the whole space; I looked for its fit inhabitant—it is a spot where

The moping owl doth to the moon complain.

This ruin is in the true style in which all such buildings should appear; there is not an intruding circumstance—the hand of dress has not touched it—melancholy is the impression which such scenes should kindle, and it is here raised most powerfully."—*Young's Tour in Ireland.*

tude,—that awful and uninterrupted repose,—which, while it leads the mind to contemplation, elevates and purifies the best affections of the soul :—

> Is there, a heart that music cannot melt?
> Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn!
> Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt
> Of solitude and melancholy born?
>
> BEATTIE.

From the deep grove on the south of the Abbey* we emerge on the

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* Although care has been taken to render the account of this celebrated abbey as explicit as possible, the following passages, will, it is hoped, not be deemed superfluous :—"A ruined church is a common object, which, independent of the picturesque beauty it may possess, excites little interest; but the sight of a monastery carries us back to distant ages, and gives rise to a train of reflection which every mind of sensibility feels a pleasure in indulging. We remember that these places were the asylums of men who, voluntarily renouncing the seducing pleasures of the world, devoted themselves to the services of charity and of religion. Hither the aged peasants from the neighbouring hamlets flocked, in the hours of sickness and of affliction, to obtain the advice and consolation of the ghostly fathers, to crave the boon of cha-

GROUNDS OF MUCRUSS,

and pursue a well kept carriage road through an exceedingly rich bordering of shrubs, fine full-

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rity, or implore the blessing of Heaven on the labours of their toiling offspring. Hither, during the ages of violence and rapine, those who by inclination were disposed to retirement and to ease could withdraw in safety from the dangers of contending factions, and devote themselves to the calm and tranquil pursuits of literature. These were the sacred retreats of learning, where the germs of knowledge were preserved till a more genial season bade them spring forth and flourish in open day." "The remembrance of what this place once was is fresh in the minds of the country people; and many a pious devotee, impressed with a fond belief of its sanctity, may be seen before the tombs and antient shrines, in deep and earnest prayer. The appearance of these poor people, clad in long russet garments, prostrated on their knees, and counting their beads with all the enthusiasm of devotion, is quite in character with the solemnity of the scene, and calculated to increase the melancholy and religious awe which the contemplation of so venerable a ruin is likely to inspire." "The vaults and winding passages of the abbey are still more gloomy than the cloister:—

> There through thick walls oblique the broken light,
> From narrow loop-holes, quivers to the sight.

This obscurity adds much to the effect of the ruin, and, combined with the stillness and solitude of deep

grown birches and spreading oaks, intermingled with trees of almost all the species which were met by the father of English poetry, in his morning walk :—

the Daphene closed vnder rynde
Grene Laurer, and the holsome Pyne
The Myrre also, that wepeth euer of kynde
The Cedres hye, vpright as a lyne
The Fylberte eke, y^{t} lowe doth enclyne
Her bowes grene, to the erthe adoun
Unto her knyght called Demophoun.

There sawe I eke the freshe hauthorne
In whyte motley, that so swote doth smel
Aſshe, fyrre, & oke, with many a yong acorne,
And many a tree mo than I can tel.

CHAUCER.

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retirement, the fragments of monumental grandeur, and the frightful spectacles of mouldering mortality, forms an association highly calculated to inspire the imagination with visionary fears. As you wander on, the mind, yielding to the impression of such gloomy images, becomes abstracted from this world. The shade of every waving branch is converted to a spectre, and the echoes of the footsteps to the whispering of the ideal inhabitants. The startled senses distrust their own perception, and the delusion can scarcely be dispelled by returning to the cheerful regions of light and life."—*Weld's Killarney.*

Many luxuriant groups decorate the slopes which decline from the upper walk, and continue until we reach the smooth lawn, where the house of H. A. Herbert, Esq. appears in view.

Station 8.

On the right the lake opens beautifully, with the point of Glena in the west, and all the grounds we have hitherto traversed, forming an amphitheatre in the back-ground: the wooded islands and Ross Castle towering above them fill up the middle space, and the foreground is occupied by Sugar Island, and the shore of the peninsula. In the opposite direction the margin of the wooded ground, from which we have just emerged, forms a light boundary to the view of Mangerton. Colonel Herbert's* house diversifies the tameness

* The following description of the view, which this gentleman's residence commands, is from the pen of an ingenious traveller, whose observations are always either instructive or entertaining :—"September 27th, walked into Mr. Herbert's beautiful grounds, to Oroch's hill, in the lawn that he has cleared from that profusion of stones which lie under the wall; the

of the unvaried swells in the middle distance, while the luxuriant foliage behind it appears finely contrasted to Turk Mountain, which lies in a neutralized blue tint,—and to that circular bend of the lake immediately on our right, which reflects the azure and silvery brightness of the lightly clouded sky. This is a fine assemblage of objects, notwithstanding the level verdant area in

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scene which this point commands is truly delicious; the house is on the edge of the lawn, by a wood which covers the whole peninsula, fringes the slope at your feet, and forms a beautiful shore to the lake. Tomis and Glena are vast mountainous masses of incredible magnificence, the outline soft and easy in its swells, whereas those above the eagle's nest are of so broken and abrupt an outline, that nothing can be imagined more savage, an aspect horrid and sublime, that gives all the impressions to be wished to astonish, rather than please the mind. The Turk exhibits noble features, and Mangerton's huge body rises above the whole. The cultivated tracts towards Killarney, form a shore in contrast to the terrific scenes I have just mentioned; the distant boundary of the lake, a vast ridge of distant blue mountains towards Dingle." —*Young's Tour in Ireland.*

front of the house, which is too formal and artificial to harmonize with the other features of so glorious a picture.

THE PENINSULA.

Pass the house, and enter a shady and embowered avenue at the rere, along which you may continue your walk through the whole extent of the peninsula. Those who visit Killarney, merely to run over as much space as their stay will allow — that they may recount upon their return the immense variety they have seen—should hurry through these grounds (which are not less than two miles in length,) with the rapidity of mail-coach travelling,—and eye the beauties around, as if they were seen flitting past the coach window. But such as are endued with a perception of the picturesque, and have a feeling for the charms of nature, should deviate from the regular path, and explore the dells and eminences, the beautifully planted lawns and tangled forests, which every where abound,—interspersed with flowery banks, shrubby thickets, and finely clothed rocks, from the fissures of which large trees are growing, with the same bloom and lux-

uriance as in the most favoured soil. The superabundance of wood precludes the visitor from enjoying the views which might be opened on either side; but he should continue his walk (when practicable,) as far as the shores of the lakes, where he would be amply compensated for the difficulties and obstructions he must have encountered on his progress. Nearly midway to Brickeen Bridge lies a small lough, beautifully surrounded with lawns, and bordered with full-grown trees, —and, a short way beyond it in the direction of Turk Lake, there is a beautiful bay, which is bounded with marble rocks, and has its shore embroidered with a luxuriance of verdure, to the very edge of the water.

Station 9.

We have now a most enchanting view up the defile, through which the water flows that forms the passage to the Upper Lake. When the weather is fine, the cerulean hue of the heavens comes softened to the eye through the sultry atmosphere,—the accumulated masses of clouds are frequently

tinted with a pearly lustre, which overhang the distance; and the broken outlines of the more remote mountains lend a fine contrast to their forms, while the harmony of their hues preserves a delightful unity of colouring:—

> 'Tis beautiful indeed—through parted boughs
> To see the moving clouds darken the sky,
> To mark their many-shifting forms, and tints,
> As slow they pass; then see the lively blue
> Pure, spotless, like the soul, that hath not known
> Unworthy passions, or, if dimmed awhile,
> Soon shines reclaimed.
>
> ANSTER.

The lovely lake, reposing in peaceful beauty, reflects the sombre shadows of the nearer mountains, and the loose, hanging foliage, on the margin of Dinas Island, dips into the calm surface of the otherwise unruffled expanse. The brightest parts of the sky are brought forward even to our feet on the clear water,—which, as it grows more shallow and more transparent, exhibits every little polished pebble that sparkles on its sandy bottom.

It is impossible to avoid reverting again and

again to this enchanting scene, as we hang by the tough roots and saplings which enable us to ascend its steep banks, and force our way through the thickets which we must pass to regain the path. Beyond this fairy cove we enter on grounds wooded in a wilder style than any we have yet beheld. The trees are not old, or of great growth; but the entire character of the scene is uncouth and desolate,—exhibiting no traces of the sublime, but only a chaos of rude and savage materials confusedly thrown together. Here we pass a cottage that has been highly panegyrized by an elegant writer who visited it about twenty years ago, but which is now a shapeless ruin. On approaching it through the gloomy scenery which has just been described, the dismal appearance of the place suggests the idea of its having been once the haunt of desperate freebooters, and forcibly recalls the words of the poet :—

Strange—that where Nature loved to trace,
As if for Gods, a dwelling-place,
And every charm and grace hath mixed
Within the paradise she fixed,

There man, enamoured of distress,
Should mar it into wilderness,
And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower
That tasks not one laborious hour;
Nor claims the culture of his hand
To bloom along the fairy land,
But springs as to preclude his care,
And sweetly woos him—but to spare!

Lord BYRON.

BRICKEEN BRIDGE.

Hastening hence, we arrive at the termination of the peninsula, which is connected to Brickeen Island by a Gothic bridge,* about thirty feet in length and twenty in height. A view of this bridge is included in the plate we have given of the Middle Lake. Examine the surrounding views from every point about it, as they all afford delightful prospects. That up Turk Lake towards Mangerton, partakes of the sublime,

* "From these ruins" (those of Mucruss Abbey) "we ascended an eminence in the park, called, I think, DRUM O'ROURKE, from which there is a most bewitching view of MUCRUSS, the Lower Lake, and the distant mountains that inclose the Upper Lake; the most beautiful *Panorama* I ever beheld. We afterwards examined the long and narrow peninsula that terminates at BRICKEEN Bridge, making occasional deviations to the romantic shores of MUCRUSS Lake. There is too much uniformity in the line of this drive; and I think it would admit of great improvement, by judicious openings to the bays of each lake, and occasional paths leading to the most striking parts of the shore: some disgusting bogs also should be planted." —*Sir R. C. Hoare's Journal.*

G.N. Smith del.

Engd by W. Lizars Edin.

THE MIDDLE LAKE FROM BRICKEEN ISLAND.

blended with the beautiful,—which characteristics prevail alternately, according to the effect of light and shade, and the circumstances of the atmosphere.

The walk which now conducts us on through

BRICKEEN ISLAND

is hemmed in by thickets, and by narrow banks, which expand occasionally into level plats of ground, from which finely ramified trees rise in beautiful clusters. In several places boles of aged oak, fantastically festooned with ivy, overhang the road; and in one spot an old holly impends above it, which is so completely enveloped in parasitical plants, that it is difficult to determine the species of the parent stem.

Station 10.

At the extremity of the island there is a grand view of the hanging woods that sweep along the precipitous side of Glena, which overlooks the bay. It is calculated to inspire the mind with noble and elevated feelings,—and a character of elegance

is superadded to its attractions, by the effect of the point of Innisfallen Island, appearing across the lake, gracefully adorned with the tall trees whose branches form a canopy over it.

Aghadoe Hill and ruins, are seen in the distance; and the view is delightfully terminated on our right, by the rocky cliff of Brickeen, tufted with shrubs and underwood. The stony ledge in front, with its pebbly walk winding up among the bushes, and disappearing at the verdant prominence, is part of Dinas Island, and not more than forty yards distant. The lake is here fordable, and may frequently be waded after a drought, without wetting the knees. Having gratified every feeling for the natural landscape, under its most diversified forms, we must return by the same course we have pursued, until we arrive at Mucruss House. Here, turning to the right, we ascend through fields of pasturage, and continue to traverse them, until at length we arrive at a commanding station on the

GREEN HILLS.—Station 11.

"Turk mountain, from this station, appears nearly insulated, owing to the defiles at each of its extremities. One of them affords a passage to the river from the upper lake, and through the other runs a wild road leading from Killarney to Nedheen, a town situated at the head of a large estuary of the south-western coast, called Kenmare river. The water at the foot of this mountain is a part of Turk Lake. The bold promontory observable on the near shore of the lake is a remarkable mass of marble, whose pale blue colour sometimes harmonizes with that of the water, sometimes forms a strong contrast to it, according as it is influenced by the changes of the atmosphere. It remains dark when the lake assumes a bright silvery hue; on the contrary, when a lowering sky throws a gloom over the waves it is as conspicuous for its brightness.

"The rugged heights to the right of Turk form one side of the defile through which the river flows from the upper lake.

"The water beneath Glena mountain is a part of the bay of the same name, on the lower lake, between which and Mucruss house are seen the woods of the peninsula which separates the middle and lower lake.

"Tomies mountain, which has a double peak, is the next in succession to that of Glena; the others of the same chain lie concealed from this point of view.

"The low shore to the right of Tomies mountain is the most remote part of the lower lake, distant from the spectator about six miles. The mountains above it overhang the northern shore of the bay of Dingle, which opens to the Atlantic ocean, at the further distance of thirty miles.

"The different points of land in the middle distance, which intercept the view of the remote shore of the lake, are islands; amongst which that of Ross appears conspicuous from its castle. The hills above these islands are those along

the northern shore of the lake." Such is the faithful and masterly description of Mr. Weld, whose exquisite taste for the charms of nature, so conspicuous in his elegant works, challenges the admiration of the reader.

THE DEMESNE OF MUCRUSS

lies between the foot of Turk Mountain and Castlelough Bay; and the peninsula extends from the house to the point where Brickeen Bridge is interposed between it and the island. Descending to the left we pursue a carriage road towards Turk Cottage.

Station 12.

An uncommonly beautiful view opens on passing the cove, formed by the promontory of Dindag, and the opposite point jutting into Turk Lake. The expanse of water produces a grand and fine effect, from being but a little below the eye. The points of the promontories and the rocks of Devil's Island stand forward in simplicity and repose, harmonizing with the calm dignity of Turk,—while the misty turretted cliffs of the Eagle's Nest, and the long range beyond, diversify the scene and enhance its interest. This elegant little bay is embellished by a cheerful

islet, which, owing to some unaccountable whim, has been denominated "The Goose." From the ridge of its southern boundary another view may be advantageously taken, of a character quite different from the last.

Station 13.

Here we behold the summit of Mangerton, retiring behind a mass of rock, over which the stream from the Devil's Punch-Bowl falls. After this it branches out into several little mountain rills, which are soon lost to the sight; but, being afterwards reunited to the river that flows through Turk defile, come thundering over the precipice into the chasm below, and flow under the bridge which leads to Turk Cottage. A little lower we see them augmenting the waters of the Middle Lake. Turk rises majestically upon the view, and would be truly sublime, if the feelings were not distracted by the separate plantations of spruce and Scotch fir so distinctly visible from this station. The level disposition also of the grounds on the left, sloping towards the lake,

considerably qualifies the abstract idea of grandeur; and the entire forms a medley of a very heterogeneous description. Walk round to the bridge and visit Turk Cottage. A rustic and unadorned lodge, in this situation, would harmonize admirably with the circumjacent scenery; even a tasteful cottage, built in the old English style, would be appropriate; but flaunting parterres, regular gravel walks, and pruned hedges—are completely out of character. The multiplied disquisitions of the learned may have failed to establish an accurate idea of true taste,—but, whatever may become of this so frequently mooted point, one glance at Turk Cottage is sufficient to evince—that the goddess has not chosen to fix her habitation there. Let us descend the mountain a little, and look over the lake towards Glena.

Station 14.

The prospect now becomes really grand, including no feature which could, in the slightest degree, detract from its sublimity. Turk rises on the left, too mighty to be taken in by the eye,

until it begins to sink on the distant defile—exhibiting its sides clothed all the way down to the water's edge with verdant foliage. The summit of Glena towers in mid air, and slopes away to the right in feathery masses of re-grown wood,—while the forest-covered shores of the grounds of Mucruss sweep entirely round the northern boundary of the lake.

There is not, perhaps, in the entire region, a view of such unmixed grandeur as this—a grandeur which astonishes and delights, without exciting any of those restless feelings, which frequently arise in the mind engaged in contemplating scenes of greater diversity and extent. We return towards the bridge, and enter the wood on the right to approach

TURK WATERFALL.

As there are cascades of much greater attraction at Derricanihy and Tomies Mountains, we need make no delay here, but return after ap-

proaching close to the spot, and vociferating in order to render our observations audible,—content with having viewed a spreading sheet of water bounding over a mass of black rocks, foaming like other waterfalls, and bedewing the surrounding verdure with its hoary spray. A path leads from the bridge up the hill, which is well wooded with numerous kinds of trees. It is always an agreeable ramble, and we issue from it on the road which leads to the town of Kenmare.

SIDE OF MANGERTON.

The view hence has often been highly extolled; but it is one of those unfit for the canvass, owing to the multiplicity of its details, and the extreme elevation of the point of sight. The features are all of such a description as ages will not alter; and they present, at this moment, the exact outlines that Mr. Young enumerated so admirably, upon visiting them nearly half a century since.

This gentleman's account of the collective scenery of the lakes, inserted in his agricultural tour, is replete with evidences of a pure and cultivated taste,—and gave the tone to Mr. Weld's elegant and scientific work, as may be inferred from the comparison of numerous passages. Young's delineation of the view of Mangerton, is as follows:—

Station 15.

"From this scene of wild magnificence, I broke at once upon all the glories of Killarney;

from an elevated point of view I looked down on a considerable part of the lake, which gave me a specimen of what I might expect. The water you command (which, however, is only a part of the lake) appears a bason of two or three miles round; to the left it is inclosed by the mountains you have passed particularly by the Turk, whose outline is uncommonly noble, and joins a range of others, that form the most magnificent shore in the world: on the other side is a rising scenery of cultivated hills, and Lord Kenmare's park and woods; the end of the lake at your feet is formed by the root of Mangerton, on whose side the road leads. From hence I looked down on a pretty range of inclosures on the lake, and the woods and lawns of Mucruss, forming a large promontory of thick wood, shooting far into the lake. The most active fancy can sketch nothing in addition. Islands of wood beyond seem to join it, and reaches of the lake, breaking partly between, give the most lively intermixture of water: six or seven isles and islets

form an accompanyment, some are rocky, but with a slight vegetation; others contain groups of trees, and the whole thrown into forms, which would furnish new ideas to a painter. Farther is a chain of wooded islands, which also appear to join the main land, with an offspring of lesser ones scattered around."

MANGERTON.

From this point we strike off eastward into the mountain, and follow the guides up Mangerton, to the Devil's Punch-Bowl. It would be more tedious to describe the route than to climb the ascent; and, as it would be useless to attempt the latter without an experienced guide, we shall suppose ourselves seated (to alleviate our fatigue,) on a group of rocks at the entrance of the crater, where the stream rises which flows from it down the mountain.

The height of Mangerton, like that of every other mountain in the vicinity of the lakes, has been very variously estimated. Curwen asserts that it is 2000 feet high; but Weld allows only 1500. The Reeks are reckoned 3000 feet high by one writer, 3410 by another, and 3695 by a third.

DEVIL'S PUNCH-BOWL.

This lake is supplied partly by a small spring on one of its sides, but chiefly by the rains and fogs that descend upon it. The writer of this itinerary once witnessed here a very curious vagary of nature, which gave him a great deal of surprise and amusement. A misty cloud played for some time on those precipitous cliffs which surround the basin, frequently dipping over their edges, and immediately re-ascending again. The peasants distinguish two kinds of these vapours—one which does not wet a person, although enveloped by it, and another which drizzles, and quickly drenches him to the skin. To whichever

of these classes the above belonged, it first performed a variety of playful gambols, and was afterwards completely dispersed by a smart breeze which blew directly into the crater. This increased to a strong gale; the air became intensely cold, and the surface of the lake was greatly agitated. But the most curious circumstance was the effect produced by sudden gusts of wind, sweeping over the surface of the water in a straight line from side to side, and hurling a wave along with a whizzing noise, until it reached the farthest rocks. Here it rose in a cloud of spray, that formed an eddy in the air among the conflicting currents, which are driven about owing to the intricacy of the crags.

We learn from the guides that the great Charles Fox swam round this lake, and that he stands unrivalled in the feat, no succeeding visitor having ever performed it. Several have attempted it, but have invariably abandoned their enterprize.

CAIRN.*

Not far from the summit of the mountain, we meet with a heap of stones, similar to those called

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* "CAIRNS are numerous in this isle, and are composed of immense conical heaps of stones; they too are sepulchral. Dr. Macpherson is doubtful whether the Cairns in the Scottish isles were reared by the Norwegians, or old Britains of Caledonia; by whom, I suppose, he means the original Celtes. He adds, there are Cairns in Aberdeen and Inverness, and Carnarvonshire, where the Northerns never penetrated. But is not this begging the question? Ought he not to have shewn, what the mode of interment among the Celtes was, or what was their particular object in these works? That their religion and customs differed widely from those of the Gothic nations, abundant proofs have already been alleged. We are ignorant of the precise time when the Northerns began their invasion of the British isles, when they obtained settlements, or established a trade with them. There is the greatest probability that these things happened in ages long antecedent to the light of letters; and as superstition is seldom stationary, part of their religion might have been communicated and adopted by the Celtes in those times. Mr. Whitaker endeavours to support Dr. Macpherson, but by a strange mistake,

cairns in Scotland, and accumulated in a similar manner. About ten years since a peasant, having lost his way or experienced some other fatality, was found lying dead on this spot. No circumstance led to the least suspicion of his having suf-

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adduces a fact which directly subverts the hypothesis. It is the interment of St. Columba under an heap of stones, in the sixth century, in the isle of Sky. Now, Bede and Adamnan are decisive in their testimony of the subjection of the Hebrides to Pictish princes, previous to the arrival of Columba in Scotland; and Bede names Bridius as their king, who bestowed the isle of Jona on our Irish saint. How much earlier they possessed these parts history is silent. However, these islanders making cairns, is no weak proof that the practice was Gothic, as every stone monument certainly was. The Irish, who believed the Giants-Causeway to be factitious, called it *Claghan na Fomharaigh,* or *the stones of the sea pirates,* meaning the Viccingi, or northern rovers."—*Grose's Antiquities of Ireland.*

"The cairns are immense heaps of small stones, evidently collected as monuments, and generally on or near the spot where some considerable person died or is interred. Even at the present day it is looked upon by the vulgar, as an act of pious remembrance, to collect such a cairn, where any person has been killed by accident."—*Neilson's Irish Grammar.*

fered violence: and, indeed, the commission of a murder has scarcely ever occurred throughout the whole neighbourhood. However, the peasants who pass the spot always throw a stone on the heap, in order to commemorate the circumstance; so that, although already very high, it is still rapidly increasing. In this quarter very fine whetstones are found.

Station 16.

A most extensive view is beheld from the summit of the rocks overhanging the crater. Towards the south, the eye is carried along Kenmare River to the Atlantic Ocean, with the mountainous tract of Iveragh extending to the right, and embosoming the waters of the Upper Lake. Macgillicuddy's Reeks, in all their magnificence, the mighty Purple Mountain, Derricarnagh, and Cromagloun, constitute the majestic amphitheatre which surrounds it, among the glens and gullies of which we descry numerous cataracts, winding

their way to the reservoir, and increasing in their progress towards it.

Turk Mountain, which generally seems higher than Mangerton when viewed from the lakes or their vicinity, is now completely below us,—and, shining from behind its eastern side, part of the Middle Lake gleams forth, "writhing like a green serpent." The shores of Mucruss wind along to the bay of Glena,—and towering above it are seen a varied range of mountains, which trend away towards the coast of Dingle—with their undulating swells, their woods, and recesses. The Lower Lake displays a large sheet of silvery light, variegated with rocks, islands, promontories, and bays, and environed with low shores, and cultivated enclosures, rising gently into small hills, which form a semi-circle around it.

Further to the north, we behold the noble mountains which overhang the bay of Tralee; while, beyond them, and more directly north-

ward, hedge-rows and other boundaries of property extend, and fade away beyond the limits of unassisted vision. The paps and hills which approximate to the county of Limerick rise towards the east, and Glenflesk joins the ridge on which we are now stationed. The little lake we perceive at their junction is Lough Catan; and the fearful chasm which cleaves the mountain immediately on our right, is called Glenna-Copul. The satisfaction to be derived from a prospect so extensive is much enhanced by the aid of a good glass, with which tourists should take care to be provided,—as views of this description create universal interest, and are so numerous in this mountainous district that a telescope becomes indispensably necessary.—It is proper to observe—that hitherto the scenery has been described as if seen in fine bright weather, without even the intervention of a casual shower; few, however, that visit these elevated regions are so fortunate as to escape their usual attendants—"vapours, and clouds, and storms:"—and fair as

the morning may be, parties should always carry along with them the means of protection against a change.

While engaged in the contemplation of such scenery as we have been describing, it would require but little enthusiasm to sympathize with that burst of feeling which dictated the following lines :—

" Oh! what a joy it were, in vigorous health,
To have a Body (this our vital Frame
With shrinking sensibility endued,
And all the nice regards of flesh and blood)
And to the elements surrender it
As if it were a Spirit !—How divine,
The liberty, for frail, for mortal man
To roam at large among unpeopled glens
And mountainous retirements, only trod
By devious footsteps; regions consecrate
To oldest time! and, reckless of the storm
That keeps the raven quiet in her nest,
Be as a Presence or a Motion—one
Among the many there; and, while the Mists
Flying, and rainy Vapours, call out Shapes
And Phantoms from the crags and solid earth
As fast as a Musician scatters sounds

Out of an instrument; and, while the Streams—
(As at a first creation and in haste
To exercise their untried faculties)
Descending from the region of the clouds,
And starting from the hollows of the earth
More multitudinous every moment, rend
Their way before them—what a joy to roam
An Equal among mightiest Energies;
And haply sometimes with articulate voice,
Amid the deafening tumult, scarcely heard
By him that utters it, exclaim aloud
Be this continued so from day to day,
Nor let it have an end from month to month!"

WORDSWORTH.

L of C.

KENMARE ROAD TO KILLARNEY.

If the ascent hither have been commenced early in the day, there may be time to take a leisurely survey of the returning route ; but the task is attended with considerable fatigue, and the objects which come under inspection are so vast and so varied,—that little inclination is left in the mind for the less obtrusive scenes to be met with on the way back to Killarney.

Station 17.

There is one view, however, which must be contemplated with pleasure under any circumstances. It is seen from a turn in the road, opposite to the gate that leads into the grounds of Mucruss, at the village of Cloghereen. Look towards Mangerton, and you will see the ravine between it and Turk Mountain, occupying the back ground. The effect produced by a valley, which lies between these and the middle distance,

confers a high degree of interest on the diversity of wood which is thrown out in relief by it. The road winds beautifully towards the little bridge of the village, and the picturesque gables of two or three cottages on the right, harmonize admirably with the thick groves, which shade the grounds of Mucruss. A little stream heightens the attractions of this fine prospect.

> How sweet and solemn at the close of day,
> After a long and lonely pilgrimage
> Among the mountains, where our spirits held
> With wildering fancy and her kindred powers
> High converse, to descend as from the clouds
> Into a quiet valley, fill'd with trees
> By Nature planted, crowding round the brink
> Of an oft-hidden rivulet, or hung
> A beauteous shelter o'er the humble roof
> Of many a moss-grown cottage!
>
> WILSON.

The scene would be perfect in its kind, if it were not deformed by the intrusion of a newly erected mill, whose sharp right angles considerably mar the effect,—but which is luckily so situated as to be easily omitted in a sketch. The

carriage way through Mucruss also appears for a moment, but is almost immediately lost beyond two graceful ash trees, whose branches meet above it and form a verdant arch. Regularity is inimical to picturesque effect; however, this smooth walk and its neat appurtenances, just glancing upon the view and then vanishing, is one of the most agreeable features in the entire picture. The blue tops of the mountains, seen beyond the green trees,—and the serene expanse of the firmament above,—assume a character of softness, the unity of which would be broken by the admixture of any thing harsh or abrupt, but which is finely opposed to the wild and savage scenery occupying the left of the view. Contrast is the great and universal agent which heightens almost all our enjoyments, and the president Dupaty has, in the following words, forcibly insisted on its being the source of distinctness and variety:—

"Contrasts alone *display* what has but *just appeared*, and objects which would otherwise *barely discover* themselves to us; they alone de-

tach the multitude of beings from the uniform ground of space, and separate, terminate, and distinctly illuminate them. Without contrasts, the whole universe would be merely one single existence."—*Letter LIX.*

This road to Killarney would be called a delightful drive in any other place than this, where the most luxuriant diversity of enchanting scenery is so lavishly spread abroad.—Several views, similar to those we enjoyed from the grounds of Cahirnane, break in upon us while passing the road opposite to Castlelough Bay,—but, nearer the town, our way is shut in by high walls until we arrive at Flesk Bridge.

Station 18.

The prospect hence up the river (which was omitted to be noticed before crossing the Flesk,) is sometimes very striking. The peak of Flesk Mountain tapers gracefully over the ridge of Drumhoomper Hill, on which Mr. Cottman's

castle, a very noble object, is situate. The glen through which the Flesk runs is admirably defined, receding between the wooded brow of Violet Hill and the heights on our right. The trees, which fringe the banks of the stream on the fore-ground, add great richness, finish, and effect.

Continuing to proceed homewards to Killarney, we leave the road which leads to Ross on our left,—and, immediately after, the lawn in front of Lord Kenmare's house, which advances upon the road that winds round into the town.

KENMARE HOUSE.

This mansion, although possessed of no external features of nobleness or grandeur, is extensive and commodious. It is impossible to resist smiling at the trimly-shorn hawthorns which are disposed in front, like so many wig-blocks on a green carpet—a simile which is most appropriate in the months of May and June, when nature confers upon them a luxuriancy of curls. This instance of taste announces the style in which the pleasure-grounds behind the house are laid out, which have already been described. We must not omit mentioning—that the utmost civility is uniformly experienced from every member of his lordship's household.

ROAD FROM KILLARNEY TO ROSS.

The great thoroughfare to the principal scenery of the lakes, of Mucruss, and of Mangerton, lies through the southern end of the Main Street, and passes Lord Kenmare's house; after which a straight road, lined to some extent with well-grown lime-trees, leads over Flesk Bridge. But the course which we now pursue turns suddenly to the right, and conducts us a considerable distance before any striking object meet the eye. Those possessed of leisure, and who have not yet beheld any of the scenery described in the preceding pages, should turn a little into the field opposite to the iron gate of Lord Kenmare's grounds, and take their station at the place where Mr. Galway has planned a cottage, which can readily be pointed out.

Station 19.

A panoramic view is obtained hence, which is

nearly confined to the foreground (where we enter the field,) but takes in Killarney, Violet-Hill, and Flesk road. Beyond this it opens far away upon the lower ridge of Mangerton, which rises towards the west, and meets the triply-angled Turk. Between Turk and Glena appears the entrance to the Upper Lake, with that part of the mountains which surrounds it. On the west of Glena, Tomies and the smaller hills lessen towards the Lower Lake, and are confronted on the opposite side of the water by the gradually increasing eminences which lie in the direction of Aghadoe. The wooded steep, advancing across on the lake to our right, is part of the West Domain, where we took our first view; and the nearer ground below it, running into the lake, is Reen Point. The islands adjoining, and increasing in number towards the left, are Innisfallen, Ross, &c.; and the planted grounds still further on are those of Cahirnane, situate beyond the Flesk, which we see winding its way into the lake.

The woodland shores of Mucruss appear to belong to the base of Turk Mountain, but are at least a mile nearer,—forming a peninsula, between which and the mountain are the waters of the Middle Lake. There is a sort of fatality attending the situation of almost all the seats about Killarney. They are either too elevated for effect, or so completely secluded as not to command any view whatever. Mr. Galway has evinced great taste in his choice of a situation, which commands a view of those beautiful appearances that are generally disclosed, in the morning, along the amphitheatre commencing at Flesk Mountain, and continuing along the range described. These have been more fully detailed at a preceding station.

> Morn on the mountains! O, how sweet
> To catch the first, romantic flow
> Of rays that, beautiful and fleet,
> Come down to light this world of woe.
>
> WIFFEN.

The endless variety of appearances under which Glena and Tomies are seen, and which

cannot escape the notice of the most heedless observer, are completely commanded from this station,—and the sunset effects already described are visible hence in all their glory. Proceeding forward we pass a straggling hamlet, and traverse a bog where the way is screened by a row of fine birch trees. At a turn of the road we come in view of

ROSS CASTLE.

According to Grose, this fortress was founded at an early period by a chieftain named O'Donoghue, and must have been a place of considerable strength.*

* "Ross Castle was originally constructed by the ancient powerful sept of the O'Donoghoes, was flanked by round towers, and was of considerable strength. In 1641, General Ludlow, attended by Lord Broghill and Sir Hardress Waller, summoned it, when the garrison surrendered. At present there are a few dismounted guns to be seen, and a barrack for two companies of foot. The governor of Ross Castle has been an officer on the military establishment for some years. Few places exhibit more magnificent views of nature or such delightful picturesque scenes than those to be seen from Ross Castle, in the Lake of Killarney."—*Grose's Antiquities of Ireland.*

Little of its history is preserved; however, from General Ludlow's account of his proceedings in Ireland during the interregnum, it must have cost him great trouble to reduce it. After investing it, in 1641, with four thousand foot and two thousand horse, he discovered that Lord Muskerry (who commanded five thousand horse and foot in the garrison,) was supplied with provisions, which were conveyed across the lake (perhaps from the neighbourhood of Dinas),—and accordingly sent a detachment of soldiers to cut off his adherents. Finding, however, that he could not make the desired impression unless by water, he ordered boats to be sent round from the sea; which it must have cost immense toil to transport to the lake, as he states them to be capable of containing a hundred and twenty men each. On an indication of assault being made with one of the boats, the commander of the fortress offered to capitulate: yet a fortnight elapsed before the articles were finally signed; and the general seems

to have waited the result with very great patience.*

The oldest parts of the castle are the square

* Here follow the conditions of the surrender in the general's own words: — 'The articles were the same in effect with those granted to the Irish in Leinster and other places. But much time was spent in the discussion of some particulars, especially that concerning the murder of the English, which was an exception we never failed to make: so that the Irish commissioners seeming doubtful, whether, by the wording that article, they were not all included, desired that it might be explained; to which we consented; and it was accordingly done. They also made it their request, that, instead of that article relating to their real estates, whereby they were to enjoy such a part as should be allotted to them by the qualifications to be agreed upon, it might be expressed, that they wholly submitted to the mercy of the parliament therein. The exercise also of their religion was earnestly insisted upon by them: but we refused to oblige ourselves to any thing in that particular; declaring only, that it was neither the principle or practice of the authority which we served, to impose their way of worship upon any by violent means. With these explanations, the commissioners, after a fortnight's debate, concluded the agreement, the Lord Muskerry and myself confirming it. His son, with Sir Daniel O Bryan, were delivered to me as hostages for the

tower, the rampart, and the flanking towers, which were erected at each end of it for the purpose of defending the only quarter accessible by land. Since the barracks were constructed, several smaller buildings have been added as habitations for the retainers who are engaged about the garrison, which is still occupied by a company of men, and is the sinecure of a nominal governor. A narrow channel divides the island from the main shore, across which there is a bridge, with the parade of a guard-house attached to it. Under this bridge there is a passage for boats, and a convenient communication with Mucruss and Glena Bay, through which we continue our course, and beyond it enter the space bounded by the

SHORES AT THE ESTUARY OF FLESK RIVER.

The shelving shore, and an elegant assemblage of groves, islands, and rocks, here open on the view. The grounds on either side of the estuary are flat,

performance of the articles. In consequence of which about 5000 horse and foot laid down their arms, and surrendered their horses."—*Ludlow's Memoirs.*

and fenced into fields, but the wooded borders of Cahirnane form an interesting boundary. Nothing is superior to the diversity of foregrounds, which vary at every advance we make among the encompassing islands. "A drawing should not be made from the lowest point possible; as, for instance, from the lake itself—for then a foreground would be wanting. On this account when I sailed on Derwentwater I did not receive so much pleasure from the superb amphitheatre of mountains around me, as when, like Mr. Gray, I traversed its margin; and I therefore think he did not lose much by not taking boat."—See Mason's edition of Gray's Works. Mr. Mason's objection to the English lakes, that they do not supply foregrounds to the surrounding scenery when viewed from a boat, is a standing evidence of their inferiority to those of Killarney,—which, in this respect, possess an incalculable advantage over the lakes in the north of England, in the west of Scotland, or, perhaps, in any other part of the world.

The islands here are so numerous, and so delightfully varied, that they produce an unceasing succession of new pictures—imparting to one another increased interest and additional charms, and exhibiting in miniature a scene similar to that, which called forth the beautiful apostrophe commencing with the following lines:—

Fair clime! where every season smiles
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,
Which, seen from far Colonna's height,
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,
And lend to loneliness delight.
There mildly dimpling—Ocean's cheek
Reflects the tints of many a peak
Caught by the laughing tides that lave
These Edens of the eastern wave.

Lord Byron.

THE ARBUTUS.

Among these islands it gratifies curiosity to examine that in which is the largest arbutus now remaining. Mr. Curwen found the trunk "eight feet in girth for a few feet above the ground, where it divides into several stems; each of which had a bushy head, but otherwise bare of leaves:" and

he asserts that it is curious but not beautiful. It is equally curious to consider why the arbutus should be spoken of, as constituting such a prominent feature in the scenery of the lakes. A lady on a sailing party, being exceedingly desirous to have this shrub pointed out, was desired to pitch on that which best answered the description. After viewing several of the wooded shores, and feeling somewhat embarrassed in making her election, she decided in favour of a very beautiful alder that sprung from the water's edge in full luxuriance of foliage, but which bore neither blossoms nor berries. On being undeceived, and having the true plant pointed out to her, she could hardly be convinced that a bare pale-red stem, increasing in thickness for a few feet from its root, and then diverging into a number of branches—the upper twigs of which were hung with a few scattered leaves—could possibly be the renowned arbutus;—and yet, such is the exact description of almost every plant of the kind to be seen in those regions. While young and

healthy it forms a fine feature in a shrubbery,—but, when it has attained a certain age, it becomes formal and stiff, and forfeits every pretension to a picturesque character. The circumstance of its fruit and flowers hanging together on the same plant is its only attraction, and it is indigenous in many parts of the counties of Kerry and Cork, as well as at Killarney. In Irish it is called *Auonlleean* and *Oolacahiné*.*

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* "ARBUTE, or Strawberry tree Hib. *Keeora Caihne*, the fruit is *uhla Caihne*, Lat. Arbutus. This is a small tree, not much bigger than a Quince tree, the body thereof is covered with a reddish bark, which is rough and scaly, the Leaves are, broad, thick, and serrated, the flowers are white, small, & grow in clusters, after which cometh the fruit like Strawberries, green at first, but afterward yellowish, and at last red when ripe. It flowereth in *Spring* and the fruit is ripe in *Winter*. This tree grows naturally in the County of Kerry, and is manured in Gardens, It grows in the Lord *Kingston's* Garden in Mitchelstown. The fruit of this Tree is of a cold nature, hurteth the Stomach, and causeth the head-ach."—*K'Eogh's Botanalogia.*

"This aboriginal beautiful ever-green of Greece is now unequivocally ascertained to be indigenous in that

THE ARCHIPELAGO.

The rock that is so conspicuous amid the cluster of islands which meet our view on rowing out from Ross Bridge, is called O'Donoghue's Table. The broad surface is elevated considerably above the water; but its central support, being exposed to the incessant chafing of the waves, is imperceptibly but gradually wearing away. When the weather is foggy, or when partial clouds descend to the surface of the lake, the woods and islands occasionally bursting upon the sight have a very fine effect; and the sudden appearance and disappearance of the various features of the landscape are highly picturesque. Sometimes, even in clear weather, a breeze sweeps up the lake,

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part of the county Kerry, called Killarney; it decorates the fascinating lakes of this enchanting spot, hanging from the crevices of the seemingly barren limestone rocks in the greatest state of luxuriance and beauty, with hardly any earth about its roots. I am told that it is to be met with at Glengariff, and in all the mountainous situations to the west of Bantry bay, county Cork."—*Wade's Plantæ Rariores.*

succeeded by a pelting shower, which gradually obscures every object until the whole surrounding scene become enveloped. It then clears off, and every thing re-appears in the same order. After being sufficiently gratified with the islands of the Archipelago, we row to the upper part of Castlelough Bay, and then to Mucruss.

SHORES OF MUCRUSS.

In sailing along the northern margin of the peninsula, a succession of the most delightful views almost cloys the observer, except where the white barracks of Ross Castle obtrude upon the eye. The rocks of this shore are finely broken, and worn away by the waters dashing against them. When the lake is agitated by the winds, the waves beat with great violence against their rocky barriers, and tower in finely feathered masses of silvery spray. A considerable bay runs in towards Mucruss House, in which Sugar Island occupies a great space, and from which a striking prospect may be obtained. A point of the peninsula stands out on the left, clothed with grassy banks, which bend into flowing lines, and intersect each other without any angular formality. Farther on is Ash Island, in which the rocks and trees are severally distinguishable, a circumstance greatly to be prized, as they are all

highly contrasted, and disposed in the most picturesque variety. Against the lower end of these rocks are the remarkable white stones, which bear so close a resemblance to the form of a horse as frequently to amount to a deception, when the atmosphere is favourable to it. Passing these we arrive at Juniper Isle and Otter Rock. We may now view the greatest length of surface that is any where to be seen on these lakes, without the interruption of main land or island. In looking down Glena towards Tomies, the unity of effect that prevails is highly fascinating. In the bay behind Otter Rock some of Lord Kenmare's boats are constantly moored; and they could not be kept in more secure and appropriate anchorage, —as the promontory of Camillan, the islands, and the opposite point, protect them from every wind by which they could be affected.

GLENA BAY.

But the chief of all the views on the Lower Lake—that which seems to give the most universal satisfaction, and to command the most unqualified admiration,—is the prospect which opens down the bay of Glena, beyond Camillan. This scene called forth all the powers of Mr. Weld's pen, and cannot be more admirably delineated than in the following picture which he gives of it:—"This is one of the magnificent scenes which captivates every eye; and which, if Killarney were divested of every other charm that at present attracts the stranger to her shores, would, in itself amply compensate for the toils of traversing the dreary and rugged country, through which alone the lake can be approached. On one side, rising from the water's edge, appears a steep mountain, from whose brow

Th' embowering forests overhang the deep;

on the opposite one a chain of low rocks sur-

mounted with trees; and in the centre, at a distance, is seen the entrance of the defile, through which the river from the upper lake flows into the head of the bay. The length of the bay is about one English mile; its breath nearly the same; but owing to the numerous inlets and promontories with which the shore is indented, its extent appears considerably greater. At the base of the mountain, along the margin of the lake, the individual forms of the branching oaks are distinctly seen; but the trees which rise above these grow so closely together, that their united foliage forms an impervious and continuous shade, swelling with the protuberances of the mountain, or sinking with its glens, and interrupted alone by sudden precipices or huge projecting rocks. From the mouth of the bay to the most distant part of the horizon, along the windings of the defile, all is one sylvan scene:

> Shade above shade, a woody theatre
> Of stateliest view.

Every gradation of green is observable in these

woods during summer, from the silvery hues of the ash and willow to the deep verdure of the fir and yew; and in autumn, when they are enriched by colours "whose beauty cheers the approach of the inclement season they forebode," the variety of the foliage, and the brilliant reflection of the innumerable tints upon the water, surpass all description.

Within the forest, at a short distance from the water, there is a wild path amongst the rocks, leading from the point of Glena to a cottage at the head of the bay. In following its devious course, the eye is bewildered amongst the romantic beauties of the scene, whether it penetrates the gloomy recesses of the woods beneath the rocky cliffs of the mountain, or, from the verge of the glens, surveys the distant prospect of the lake and islands, above the trees which are sunk in the hollows. Innumerable rills fall in cascades from the mountain height, sparkling

Within the twilight of the distant shade:

these, as they descend through the forest, unite into larger streams; and tumbling over rocks covered with moss, and decayed trees which have fallen across their course, run roaring into the lake."

After passing Gun Rock, a narrow inlet opens on the left, dividing Brickeen Island from the peninsula which terminates here. The rocks are steep, and thickly shaded with trees and underwood. At the farther side Stone Bridge stretches across the opening, and serves for a passage from the island to the grounds of Mucruss. As we glide along, Turk Mountain appears to move finely over the bridge, and through the scattered trees that approach on either side: and when boats are seen through it, lightly skimming along, they confer an additional interest on this attractive scene.

MUSIC.

The want of appropriate music to elicit the magical effect of the echoes was long experienced at the lakes. This deficiency is, however, now completely remedied ;—and instead of the inefficient sounds of the hautboy, and the discordant tones of itinerant fiddlers—the powerful Kent bugle, so admirably calculated to call forth the fullest powers of reverberation, is played in a masterly style by Spellan, and his brother,—who reside in Killarney during the season, for the accommodation of such parties as are desirous of partaking of this additional enjoyment. Experience has rendered the former of these musicians intimately acquainted with every station at which the finest effects are to be obtained ; and visitors are always highly pleased with his polite and unassuming deportment, while they are gratified with his superior skill, which when fully exerted almost realizes the vivid description of the poet :—

still the dingle's hollow throat
Prolonged the swelling bugle-note.
The owlets started from their dream,
The eagles answered with their scream,
Round and around the sounds were cast,
Till echo seemed an answering blast.

WALTER SCOTT.

A cottage at the further end of the bay has long been used as a refectory by such company as intend to dine abroad during their excursion; and salmon from the adjoining lake is an indispensable ingredient of the repast. In many other places, the custom of roasting a whole salmon, in the open air, is considered as adding highly to the enjoyments of rural parties of pleasure. But here it is accompanied with the additional circumstance of being done on the boughs of the arbutus; which, as it is pretended, produces a peculiarity of flavour, such as the fish is never found to possess when treated in any other manner.

MIDDLE LAKE.

We now row by the mouth of the narrow passage which conducts to the river in the defile. Coasting Dinas Island on our right, we double the projecting extremity of Brickeen Island, and proceed into the Middle Lake, which is seen in its greatest extent, when we reach the central point between Brickeen Bridge and the extremity of Dinas Island. Between this and Turk Mountain, the waters of the strait rush into the Upper Lake with considerable impetuosity. We row towards some insulated rocks near the bridge, and halt a short distance behind them

Station 20.

The bridge is on the left of the foreground,—and, beyond it, several small points of the peninsula of Mucruss jut out into the lake, concealing its form and the extent of its surface. Above the trees, which grow thickly on these rocky banks,

the point of Glenflesk is seen in the remote background. Towards the right, the side of Mangerton sinks behind Turk,—while, between them, the woods about the waterfall occupy the farther boundary of the lake.

Turk is a noble object, with its young trees shooting up in full luxuriance,—sometimes springing from the grassy brows of the grey rocks,—sometimes hanging from their fissures—and seeming to thrive notwithstanding the want of soil. The flickering effect of passing clouds, as frequently seen on this lake, is attempted in the sketch: but it assumes its grandest aspect when the tempest comes sweeping over the obscured peak of Turk, and the agitated waters are dashed into foam against the craggy shores. This lake, however, is not so liable to be disturbed by the wind as either of the others. It is well fenced against the gusts that often visit the Lower Lake with unexpected violence, and constitute almost the only danger that attends their navigation.

The general use of sail-boats has been, owing to the frequency of these visitations, wisely laid aside; although in fine settled weather, during which such squalls rarely occur, sails are occasionally hoisted, and give an additional and lively interest to the scene. A fine sunny day is the most propitious for boating on the Middle Lake, and exploring its shores. We examine the quarry,* which was formerly worked, and produced white, red, green, and brown-veined marbles. We also visit the copper-mines which were likewise once worked, but unfortunately with little judgment. The sale of the ore raised, produced a sum amounting to £25,000, but, the water

* "The quarry is a shore of rocks, which surround a bay of the lake, and forms a scene, consisting of but few parts but those strongly marked; the rocks are bold, and broken into slight caverns; they are fringed with scattered trees, and from many parts of them wood shoots in that romantic manner, so common at Killarney. Full in front Turk mountain rises with the proudest outline, in that abrupt magnificence which fills up the whole space before one, and closes the scene."—*Young's Tour in Ireland.*

being let in on the shafts, the concern was entirely abandoned. We proceed onward through the lake, which is nearly of equal breadth throughout its whole extent of more than two miles. Devil's Island succeeds in order. It is a very beautiful object, containing romantic rocky shores, perforated with caverns, and adorned with hanging trees. Indeed, the vicinity of the deeply indented margin of Mucruss renders all this quarter highly interesting and picturesque. Here the tourist should take a direction round the upper end of the lake, by the estuary of the stream which issues from Turk Waterfall, and—if Turk Cottage and the circumjacent scenery have not previously been visited—land here for that purpose. Turn down under the base of

TURK MOUNTAIN,

which rises in proud superiority over masses of hanging wood and wild projecting rocks, from which mighty fragments have been rent and thrown into the lake. When nearly half way, we come to the mouth of a precipitous stream,

that rushes down its rocky channel, and falls into the lake. It is denominated the Lein; and—although most commonly dried up on account of its perpendicular course—it is said to have given name to the entire lake, which in Irish is called Lough-Lein. Amid the endless variety of wonderful narratives which may be heard every day from the peasants of Kerry, the story of the three *Achagh* seems to have obtained universal credit. It runs thus. The final extinction of the giants having been revealed to three of those who lived on the side of Turk, they resolved to prevent their pigmy posterity from enjoying the fruits of the toil they had undergone, in digging the neighbouring mines, and amassing their golden contents. For this end they deposited all their wealth in three mighty crocks, which they lowered into the bed of the lake, at the spot where the Lein enters it. This tradition worked so strongly on the mind of an excellent swimmer, about fifty years ago, that he concerted a plan with some of his friends for raising the treasure. All things

being ready, he dived in presence of his companions, who waited on the brink, being provided with ropes to draw up whatever he should attach to them. A few seconds had scarcely elapsed, when he re-appeared in the utmost trepidation and horror. He ran from the place without being able to utter a word, and was speedily followed by his astonished friends. When he recovered a little composure he declared—that as he was in the act of seizing one of the crocks of gold, a large and beautiful white greyhound sprang upon it, growled with the fiercest aspect, and would have devoured him if he had not instantly risen to the surface. Thus the enchantment of the treasure is firmly established, and no future adventurer will ever disturb its hallowed repose.

GLENA MOUNTAIN.

Station 22.

Cross over from this place to Brickeen Bridge: pass under it, and round the islands which lie at the point of Glena. The mountains here assume a picturesque grandeur, attended with such wild and beautiful accompaniments, as render them almost unparalleled. "We had nearly approached the opposite side," says Mr. Curwen, "when a sudden burst of sunshine pierced the gloom, and instantaneously 'the curtain of heaven drew up,' and exhibited Glená to our admiration, in all its majestic grandeur. This gleam of light falling exclusively on the mountain, while all else remained in obscurity, added a splendid solemnity to its appearance. Before us was Glená, single and alone, clothed with umbrageous wood from its base to a considerable elevation; while its upper regions and lofty summit, robed with rich purple heath, augmented the fas

cination by the contrasted colouring of these covering mantles. Here sat the smile of beauty, there stood the frown of majesty, contending for superiority, and disputing which should decide the appropriate character of the mountain. The deep tints of the purple heath were momentarily dimmed by light masses of fog, passing rapidly over its summit, or along its side at different heights; conspiring in a singular manner, by the alternate light and shade, to beautify the view."

> Serene and calm, as when the spring
> The new-created world began,
> And birds on boughs did softly sing
> Their peaceful homage paid to man;
> While Eurus did his blasts forbear,
> In favour of the tender year.
>
> DRYDEN.

This effect was novel and surprising to Mr. Curwen,—but is familiar, by frequent recurrence, to those who protract their stay amongst these enchanting scenes.

O'SULLIVAN'S CASCADE.

This cascade is an object of curiosity with all strangers, and is classed by the boatmen among the most striking and decided beauties about Killarney. We land at a convenient spot, and proceed over a rocky space, under a close canopy of old trees. The astounding noise of the falls soon fills the ear, and the eye is immediately gratified with glimpses of the water. Arrived at a place which use has rendered commodious, we perceive the restless element,—glancing from rock to rock, and dashing with impetuosity down the steeps. Several rills flow from the heights of Tomies, and, collecting together in an extensive hollow break, descend thence into a rocky glen. These are concealed by close masses of environing foliage. The first fall is seen gushing from the intricacies of the wood, and pouring down a perpendicular rock into a hidden basin, from which it quickly escapes into a second—and then bursts down the greatest fall in a thundering roar.

that encreases or diminishes with the variations of the breeze. Bold eminences, crowned with ancient wood, and interlaced with roots and briars,—time-stained rocks, half concealed by the mouldering surface of the ground,—and dark ledges contrasting with the silver whiteness of the water—successively rivet the wandering eye. If the day should chance to be sultry when this scene is visited, the cool refreshing shade will be found very delightful: but a quite different sensation will be experienced in cold and raw weather.

Having rested sufficiently at the waterfalls, we row round the

LOWER PART OF THE LOWER LAKE.

We should not expect as much gratification from this quarter as we have enjoyed from the scenes we have been just exploring. The contrast however between them is sometimes highly pleasing. We pass the head of the river Laun, and come in view of some richly wooded parks, and of the

country anciently inhabited by the great M'Carthy. Returning between Mahony's Point and Brown Island, we have the glorious Innisfallen fully before us. The small wooded point on our left, and the shrubby foliage of the islet on our right, help to set of the already aspiring and noble woods of

INNISFALLEN.

The rocks of the shore are very steep, but their shapes and positions are all along objects of the highest interest. Rowing round, we come to a small structure at the eastern end of the island, and a commodious sheltered spot beyond it where we land. The calm and solemn grandeur of the deep grove of noble trees, which presents itself before us, forcibly strikes the mind, and establishes at once the superiority of this island over every other on the lakes. Every feature of the scenery around us is far removed from mediocrity, and must be acknowledged as eminently beautiful. The small structure we have just passed was anciently a chapel, attached to the abbey, whose

ruins are scarcely distinguishable. It is now used for the accommodation of the numerous parties that flock hither, as well natives as strangers; but the manner in which it has been fitted up for this purpose is a source of general disapprobation and offence. We often witness the intermixture of Gothic and Saxon architecture, without any feeling of disgust;—but to see an interesting ruin, over-hung with ivy and reverend from age, smoothly plaistered within, and perforated with projecting windows in the modern style—rouses the indignation and excites the contempt even of the least fastidious observer.

ABBEY OF INNISFALLEN.

The walls of the abbey are desolate indeed, and bear unequivocal marks of high antiquity. Nettles, briars, and noxious weeds grow abundantly amid the fallen rubbish, that fills up the space which was once occupied by the church and the area of the cloister. The scattered foun-

dations of the other parts of the building cannot be easily traced, as they are entirely choked up with ruinous fragments. It is said to have been founded in the sixth century by the son of a king of Munster,* and that it afterwards devolv-

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* "St. Finian Lobhar, or the Leper, son of Alild, King of Munster, and disciple of St. Brendan, founded an abbey here towards the close of the sixth century." "The remains of this abbey are very extensive, and its situation is extremely picturesque. A small chapel standing at some distance from the abbey, and which had originally belonged to it, is now converted by the noble proprietor into a banqueting house for the reception of visitors to the romantic scenes of Killarney." "1180. This abbey, says our annalist, being ever esteemed a paradise, and a secure sanctuary, the treasure and most valuable effects of the whole country were deposited in the hands of its clergy; notwithstanding which, we find the abbey was plundered in this year by Maolduin, son of Daniel O'Donaghoe, many of the clergy were slain, and even in their cemitery, by the M'Carthy's; but God soon punished this act of impiety and sacrilege, by bringing many of its authors to an untimely end."—*Archdall's Monasticon.*

"The island of *Innisfallen*, is next to *Ross* in quantity of land; in it, are the ruins of a very antient religious house, founded by St. *Finian* sirnamed the le-

ed on a conventicle of regular canons of the order of St. Augustine: but this cannot be meant of the original abbey, as the Irish had no building of lime and stone previously to the ninth century.

Further on we pass two buildings, overshadowed with trees, that have a very venerable and

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per, who flourished towards the middle of the fixth century. He is the patron saint of these parts, and to him the cathedral of *Aghadoe* is also dedicated. "There was formerly a chronicle kept in this abbey, which is frequently cited by Sir *J. Ware*, and other antiquaries, under the title of the *annals of Innisfallen*. These annals contain a sketch of universal history, from the creation of the world to the year 430, or thereabouts; but from thence the annalist hath amply enough prosecuted the affairs of *Ireland*, down to his own times; he lived to the year 1215. Sir *J. Ware* had a copy of them, whereof, there is an imperfect transcript among the MSS. of the library of trinity coll. *Dublin*. They were continued by another hand to the year 1320. Bp. *Nicholson* in his *Irish* historical library, informs us, that the D. *Chandos* had a compleat copy of them, down to 1320, in his possession."—*Smith's Kerry*.

secluded air. Adjoining these is an ancient garden of very limited dimensions, but containing fruit trees, which are evidently of very great age. Subsequently we meet a third antique pile, in sufficient repair to afford lodging to the ranger of the island and his family, who form, as it were, a constituent feature of the scenery—from their benign deportment, and reverend aspect. A convenient walk conducts round the island, and displays its principal attractions: and perhaps these cannot be better enumerated for the purpose of the tourist, than in the words of Mr. Young:—

"The general feature is that of wood; the surface undulates into swelling hills, and sinks into little vales; the slopes are in every direction, the declivities die gently away, forming those slight inequalities which are the greatest beauty of dressed grounds. The little vallies let in views of the surrounding lake between the hills, while the swells break the regular outline of the water, and give to the whole an agreeable confusion. The

wood has all the variety into which nature has thrown the surface; in some parts it is so thick as to appear impenetrable, and secludes all farther view; in others, it breaks into tufts of tall timber, under which cattle feed. Here they open, as if to offer to the spectator the view of the naked lawn; in others close, as if purposely to forbid a more prying examination. Trees of large size, and commanding figure, form in some places, natural arches; the ivy mixing with the branches, and hanging across in festoons of foliage, while on one side the lake glitters among the trees, and on the other a thick gloom dwells in the recesses of the wood. The figure of the island renders one part a beautiful object to another; for the coast being broken and indented, forms bays surrounded either by rock or wood: slight promontories shoot into the lake, whose rocky edges are crowned with wood. These are the great features of Innisfallen; the slighter touches are full of beauties easily imagined by the reader. Every circumstance of the wood,

the water, the rocks, and lawn are characteristic, and have a beauty in the assemblage from mere disposition."

Whate'er the hand of Art has planned
Of bold or awful, wild or grand,
Here was not; but a softer scene,
Now bright, now solemn, now serene,—
Beautiful, and for ever green;
As though to earth the sweets of heaven
Maternal Nature's hand had given,
And blended all her stores, to show
How much of Eden rests below!

WIFFEN.

That beautiful recess, which is pointed out as the

BED OF HONOUR,

is always a matter of momentous concern with the guides. It derived its name from an occurrence too recent to allow of the names of the parties being mentioned, as some of them are still living, and reside in the county of Limerick. A young lady, heiress to £5000 a year, was by her father destined in marriage to a baronet, who was her equal in age and fortune. The lady, however, had already set her affections upon

another gentleman, of an unobjectionable family, but of little fortune. According to the gallantry of the times (which is still upheld by those in humble stations,) it was resolved between the lovers that—as the father of the lady was determined to reject every suitor but the baronet—they should elope together, in the hope of effecting a reconciliation when no other alternative should be left. In pursuance of this design they took the road to Killarney, where they halted: but, finding that their flight had been traced, they escaped by a bye-way to the nearest shore of the lake. Here they procured a boat, rowed to the farther side of the island of Innisfallen, and spent the night (or rather twilight, as it was in the midst of summer,) within a sequestered grotto. To elude pursuit, and prevent a discovery, the boatmen was detained, who rowed them ashore in the morning. The young gentleman boldly leading forward his fair partner, approached her father, and intended husband, saying—that he came to resign her, if, after what had happened, he whom her parent

preferred, were willing to accept of her. Upon this the young baronet declared—that, from his thorough conviction of the gentleman's honour, he would not hesitate a moment in espousing the lady,—and he was accordingly married to her a few days after. The disappointed lover consoled himself with the conviction of having preserved his honour, although he had forfeited a wife, and the grotto has hence obtained the name of the "bed of honour."

STATION 23.

Re-embarking at the spot where we landed, we leave Mouse Island on the right, and take in a noble expanse of water, in the direction of Tomies Mountain—bounded by the island we have just left, and a rocky point of Ross which we now approach. Here we observe an almost perpendicular rock, situated nearer the main shore, which is called

O'DONOGHUE'S PRISON,*

and said to have been used by that ancient chieftain as a place of punishment for refractory

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* "Several small islands appear at the mouth of Ross-bay, the most remarkable of which is a large rock of limestone, about twenty feet in height; on one side nearly perpendicular, and not unlike a wall. It is called O'Donaghoe's prison; and, according to the legendary tales of the country, was employed by the good old prince of that name, in former times, as a place of confinement for his disobedient son and rebellious associates:—

> There during life the factious were immur'd,
> And peace and order without blood secur'd.

In what age the great O'Donaghoe flourished, the tradition of whose virtues is fondly transmitted from generation to generation, is not easily determinable; but that a distinguished prince of that name did once actually reign over this favoured region, is a point so established by the testimony of concurrent tradition, as scarcely to require confirmation from the page of history."—*Weld's Killarney.*

One day, in the midst of a general feast, after this illustrious toparch had prophesied in mystic rhymes the future destinies of his country, he rose from his

vassals. As our progress has at length conducted us to that region of the lakes, with which the name of O'Donoghue is more particularly associated, it would be unpardonable to neglect the opportunity of introducing the following beautiful song,—written by one of the brightest

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seat and vanished like a spirit into the bosom of the lake. His submersion however was only temporary: for after a few years he re-appeared on the anniversary of his death (a season of solemn mourning to his faithful subjects, on which they used to implore his return with tears and lamentations), and still continues to emerge at intervals. "The appearance of O'Donaghoe is considered a most propitious omen to the person who is fortunate enough to behold him; and the eye of the wandering peasant eagerly searches for him along the windings of the lake. The prince is always described as being mounted on a milk white steed. May it not then be supposed that the white foam of a distant wave, suddenly curled up by a gust of wind from the mountains, has often been converted by the enthusiastic imagination of the simple and superstitious native into the semblance of a horse and his rider, whose preternatural appearance his interest and credulity are alike perpetually anticipating."—*Weld's Killarney.*

poetical ornaments of our island, and founded upon a pleasing legend. It is intituled—"O'Donohue's Mistress:—"

Of all the fair months, that round the sun
In light-link'd dance their circles run,
Sweet May, sweet May, shine thou for me
For still, when thy earliest beams arise,
That youth, who beneath the blue lake lies,
Sweet May, sweet May, returns to me.

Of all the smooth lakes, where day-light leaves
His lingering smile on golden eves,
Fair Lake, fair Lake, thou'rt dear to me;
For when the last April sun grows dim,
Thy Naiads prepare his steed for him
Who dwells, who dwells, bright Lake, in thee.

Of all the proud steeds, that ever bore
Young plumed Chiefs on sea or shore,
White Steed, white Steed, most joy to thee,
Who still with the first young glance of spring
From under that glorious lake dost bring,
Proud Steed, proud Steed, my love to me.

White, white as the sail some bark unfurls,
When newly launch'd, thy long mane curls,
Fair Steed, fair Steed, as white and free;
And spirits, from all the lake's deep bowers,
Glide o'er the blue wave scattering flowers,
Fair Steed, around my love and thee.

Of all the sweet deaths that maidens die,
Whose lovers beneath the cold wave lie,
Most sweet, most sweet, that death will be,
Which under the next May evening's light,
When thou and thy steed are lost to sight,
Dear love, dear love, I'll die for thee.

THOMAS MOORE.

This rock consists entirely of limestone, and forms a striking feature in most of the views taken from its vicinity, and especially from the shores about

REEN POINT,

whither it is advisable now to steer. A cut recently made across this point has completely insulated it. The new island is stocked with game, which a gentleman who lives in the adjoining cottage has determined to encourage on it. The circumstances of his settlement here are romantic. Having left the navy at the peace, and entered into the bands of matrimony, he brought his bride from England on a tour to the lakes,—with the charms of which he was so captivated that he determined upon taking Reen

Cottage, and has since made it his constant residence. This amiable pair enjoy whatever good society Killarney affords, and employ themselves in acts of general beneficence. "A brother of the earth" never "petitions" them "in vain to give him leave to toil," and the supplicating hand of poverty they never send "empty away." It is easy to conceive what an impression such characters must have made on the needy and neglected, but generous and grateful Irish, that surround them. Captain S—— has devised employment for the poor, in constructing a large basin with an islet in its centre on the margin of the lake; and these he has stocked with a great variety of fish and water-fowl. He has also laid out gardens, and formed a shrubbery round his lawn, wherein he rears a number of eagles.

While viewing this artificial island surrounded by its little lake, let not the fastidious votary of taste bring its size and situation to the ordeal of

criticism; but, reflecting how many benefited by its formation, who else had wandered from their families and homes in quest of a subsistence—let him acknowledge that the example of the generous proprietor is worthy of the imitation of all, who are possessed of the enviable ability of making their pleasures subservient to the cause of humanity.

Station 24.

From Reen Point we obtain fine prospects of the mountains, and indeed of all the surrounding scenery. The picture of animated life on the one shore contrasts finely with the calm serene appearance of the lake on the other,—studded with rocks and islands, and bounded by sublime mountains, extending their continuous robe of leafy forests for miles along the edge of the water.

Rowing hence we pass Cherry Island, a narrow reef of rocks commanding Ross Bay, and

partially crowned with trees and shrubs. It forms an imposing feature in views directed towards Mangerton across the castle, as it then rises near the fore-ground, and varies the monotonous appearance of the water, a great extent of which is not requisite in such situations. We now proceed through

ROSS BAY.

If the evening hour be approaching we have a chance of witnessing an effect which it would require the magical aid of poetry to describe, and which affords a realization of the following lines:

As if by lost pre-eminence abased,
Hill behind hill erected locks of gray,
And every misty morion was upraised,
To speak their farewell to the God of Day;
When tempests rave along their polar way,
Not closer rear the billows of the deep,
Shining with silver foam, and maned with spray,
As up the mid-way heaven they war and sweep,
Then, foil'd and chafed to rage, roll down the broken steep.

HOGG.

STATION 25.

The left base of Glena is then in deep negative shade, while from behind it a strong light breaks in upon a series of projecting masses, and then gradually fades away as it approaches Turk, which is also seen in shade. When the castle in a half light is viewed against this back-ground, the scene is grand and impressive. Nature then presents us with a view which invites the utmost emulation of art. No apprehension need be here entertained of copying with servility, or of finishing too highly; for here, as elsewhere, nature is highly finished. After enjoying the luxury of such a prospect, we approach Ross Castle, where we land.

ROSS CASTLE (REVISITED).

Has such a tame, dull, chalky mass, ever been the favourite of the artist? Benedict XIV. whitened the dome of the Pantheon at Rome, perhaps to display to the civilized world, a bea-

con against false taste. A valiant commander has—perhaps, in emulation of the Pontiff—caused these formal barracks to be whitewashed, the erection of which, had already destroyed the picturesque effect of the old town. The castle itself would look sufficiently grey, if that preponderating mass of white were not so near. At present its grey hue appears merely as the demi-tint of the contiguous barracks, and consequently suggests the idea of its local colouring being white: thus false glare often disguises the truth.

Station 26.

In order to demonstrate the importance of chusing a judicious point of view,—let the boat be rowed out until the buildings be brought opposite the opening between Turk and Mangerton. The lower part of the objectionable edifice is now nearly concealed by its more picturesque appendages, while its upper part is seen against the vivid light that gleams through the ravine.

The white is thus neutralized into a finely subdued tone, and the grey tower is contrasted against the rich ethereal purple of the mountain, and the warmer tints of the nearer grounds. A perfect harmony subsists among all the surrounding objects. The general tint of the sky is a softened blue, beautifully overspread with a light parting drapery of white clouds, floating with a graceful motion which is scarcely perceptible. The calm surface of the lake reflects and softens all the details we have just enumerated. When the light parts of objects are diminished in lustre by being reflected in the water, and the shadows also thus rendered less deep, every thing becomes more concentrated to its middle tint, and harmony and softness are the result.

We now return by Ross Road to the town of Killarney, having made the circuit of the Middle and Lower Lakes since we embarked at the castle. Besides the immediate attractions of the

water, we have witnessed a succession of scenes on land, not less remarkable for variety than beauty :—

Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day ;
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address,
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
There interspers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
Here in full light the russet plains extend :
There wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.
E'en the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And midst the desert fruitful fields arise.

POPE

ROUTE TO UPPER LAKE.

THE Upper Lake is the principal region that now remains to be visited: however, the Gap of Dunlow should never be left out by the curious and scientific tourist. As the ascent to the Upper Lake through the defile river is always attended with difficulty and inconvenience at Old Weir Bridge, the route by Aghadoe is preferable, which conducts over Loun Bridge through the gap, and allows of our returning on the lake in boats previously ordered. Horses may be hired by those unequal to the walk,—but, when the day is dedicated to this ramble, it is far better to take a boat at the mouth of the river Denagh, and row down the Lower Lake. As this excursion is generally undertaken in the morning, we are often treated with fine views of the opposite mountains, and of the sharp peaks which bear the name of Macgillicuddy's Reeks,

so called from their resemblance to stacks of corn or hay-cocks. The highest point of

MACGILLICUDDY'S REEKS

is accounted the most elevated ground in Ireland, and is called in Irish *Carrountoohil.* Mr. Weld estimates its height at three thousand feet, and Mr. Curwen at three thousand six hundred and ninety-five: but, from an accurate measurement by Richard Griffith, Esquire, M. R. I. A. Mining Engineer to the Royal Dublin Society, taken on the 26th August 1820, it was found to be three thousand four hundred and ten feet above the level of the sea, which may now be set down as its real elevation.

GREENAGH.

Enter the Loun, and—sending the boats with provision to rendezvous at the Upper Lake—land on the demesne of Greenagh, which is beautiful in itself, and commands views quite different from any we have had hitherto.

STATION 27.

The hills on the right rise from a cultivated base, and their elevation varies inversely as the decreasing perspective, which produces far less pleasing lines than those formed by views from the opposite direction. However, the wide expanse of the lake almost compensates for the deficiency. It is finely terminated by the ridgy point of Glena on the right, and by the rising grounds about Killarney on the left,—between which a richly variegated cluster of islands extend along the further shore, and mingle their grey and green tints in an infinite variety of shades, until the scene is shut in by the high grounds and hills that rise beyond the woods of Mucruss.

When parties who visit Killarney are whirled through its scenery, regardless of every feeling but that of momentary gratification, they generally submit to be directed by the guides, or

hurried along by the boatmen, through tracts to which ease, advantage, or custom, has given the palm of superiority. But a moment's reflection will be sufficient to expose this imposition. The views from the rising lawn of Greenagh, compared with the reverse positions, powerfully evince what an amazing diversity of character the scenery assumes, according as the spectator changes his place. Yet numbers are rowed under these shores without landing, and finally leave the lakes without the least impression of contrasts even far less powerful than these. This arises for want of their making sufficient enquiries about the routes, and using their own judgment, to a reasonable degree, in planning excursions.

We proceed on to the bridge over the Loun, where we cross—and then return to view

DUNLOW CASTLE.

There is little of this old fabric now remaining; but it has been judiciously repaired by Major

Mahony, and is at once a romantic and a comfortable residence. From the erection of the baronial castles in the twelfth century, when the first English invasion took place, through all the eventful period which followed, up to the arrival of the parliamentary forces which spread such wide desolation in Ireland, this edifice in common with most others, was the scene of great vicissitudes. Its commanding situation gave security to its inmates, and the turbulent disposition of the Kerry chieftains kept them ever on the alert. In the wild-spirited day of the Earl of Desmond many parts of it were demolished. It was afterwards repaired,—but again sustained considerable damage during the interregnum, when it was bombarded.*

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* "Dunloh-castle seems to have been erected for the double purpose of guarding the river and a defile in the great chain of mountains. It stands on the summit of a small conical hill, whose apex has been cut down to afford a more convenient space for the building; and from its position it must, before the use of artillery, have been a place of great strength. In

Round the base, the ground is well wooded with forest trees, which adorn the sides of the mount in lofty and compact groups, the ancient walls of the tower appearing over their tops. From the embattled parapet of the roof an extensive prospect of the hills and lake opens to the eastward, which is seen to great advantage in the morning or forenoon: and below, along the course of the river which flows by the castle on the north, the view includes a great diversity of objects verging towards the ocean.

From hence to the gap, the character of the ground is neither in harmony with that of the rugged defile to which it leads, nor sufficiently contrasted with it.

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the wars of the Earl of Desmond, during the reigns of Henry the Eighth and Queen Elizabeth, it suffered considerably; but it was rebuilt about the period of Sir George Carew's administration in Munster. In after times, when the parliamentary forces came into this country, it was again attacked, and a great part of it demolished by a bombardment." — *Weld's Killarney.*

GAP OF DUNLOW.

This wonderful scene appears a frightful chasm, when seen from the Tralee road at the distance of ten miles; but it must be closely examined by those who desire to be acquainted with its stupendous details. Immense blocks of rock rent from the overhanging masses of the precipice, and precipitated down its ruined sides, lie scattered about, so as completely to choke up the defile. The entire is the mighty work of unassisted nature. Impending fragments seem starting from their shattered beds, and ready to add to the chaos below. A stream, totally inadequate to the magnificence of the scene, is still a pleasing accompaniment. The tortuous course of its channel, and the direction of the road cut through the pass, produce many picturesque combinations. Sometimes deep cuts have been made in the rocks to render the road accessible, and the difficulty has at other times been evaded

by letting it wind between pillars of solid stone. Bridges are built across the rivulet to afford communication between its banks, according as it has been found convenient to direct the line of road along the one or the other. The successive appearance of their arches sometimes offends, but oftener gratifies the eye. The situation of one of them is rendered exceedingly striking and picturesque by an abrupt fall of the stream immediately beneath it,—the water of which, always clear in passing over its stony bed, foams, sparkles, and gushes along.

Having scrambled for nearly three miles through the romantic scenery of this truly Alpine pass, we climb a steep on the left, and behold the Upper Lake exhibiting an infinitely more sublime prospect than any we have yet beheld:—

But O what bard could sing the onward sight!
The piles that frown'd, the gulfs that yawn'd beneath!
Downward a thousand fathoms from the height,
Grim as the caverns in the land of death!

Like mountains shatter'd in th' Eternal's wrath,
When fiends their banners 'gainst his reign unfurl'd—
A grisly wilderness! a land of scathe!
Rocks upon rocks in dire confusion hurl'd!
A rent and formless mass, the rubbish of a world.

HOGG.

STATION 28.

Purple Mountain towers on our left in majestic grandeur, and mingles its interrupted outlines with the long range which fades away from view beyond it. A craggy and dizzy steep on the right is separated from us by a precipitate mountain torrent. The middle distance is occupied by vales, forests, knolls, and headlands which indent the lake, that lies outstretched beneath us. It is variegated with islands, and bounded at the remote extremity by Cromagloun, which overhangs its shores, backed by numerous hills whose summits die away in the distance.

From the steep promontory gazed
The stranger, raptured and amazed.

And, "What a scene were here," he cried,
"For princely pomp or churchman's pride!
On this bold brow, a lordly tower;
In that soft vale, a lady's bower;
On yonder meadow, far away,
The turrets of a cloister grey;
How blithely might the bugle horn
Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn!
How sweet, at eve, the lover's lute
Chime, when the groves were still and mute!
And, when the midnight moon did lave
Her forehead in the silver wave,
How solemn on the ear would come
The holy mattin's distant hum,
While the deep peal's commanding tone
Should wake, in yonder islet lone,
A sainted hermit from his cell,
To drop a bead with every knell—
And bugle, lute, and bell and all,
Should each bewildered stranger call
To friendly feast, and lighted hall.

WALTER SCOTT.

UPPER LAKE.

By the time we reach the borders of the lake, the boats—if they have not already arrived at the appointed rendezvous—appear before us gliding along its surface. When the eye is almost overpowered by contemplating the tremendous mountains upraised in awful and sovereign repose, it is attracted and relieved by a cluster of small islands. The largest and most striking among these bears the name of an English gentleman who fixed his romantic abode in a cottage which he built here.

RONAYNE'S ISLAND.

The sides of this island consist of a series of precipices interrupted only at the spot, where the rocks shelve down to the water's edge, overspread with a smooth green-sward so as to afford a convenient place for landing.

STATION 29.

" The way which leads to the top of the rock is by a path cut through the wood, which excludes every prospect until the summit is gained.

" Highly as were our expectations raised, the reality mocked all the creative power which fancy could supply. At once the whole sublimity of the scene was disclosed to our wondering imagination! In silent astonishment I gazed for a length of time.—The magnificent grandeur of the whole was too imposing to be comprehensible—it was overpowering! Figure to yourself the towering mass rising almost perpendicularly from its base to an elevation of three thousand six hundred and ninety-five feet, overshadowing the translucent waters of the lake. Such is the height of M'Gilly Cuddy's Reeks, one of the most elevated mountains in Ireland, whose line of summit is so indented, as to render

it difficult on which point to fix as that most entitled to pre-eminence. This mountain is accompanied by many others, little inferior in loftiness, and magnitude. One vast uninterrupted expanse of purple heath overspreads the upper regions, while the base is luxuriantly fringed with the evergreen arbutus, and other trees.

"The sun, which shone resplendently on our arrival at Ronnayson's* Island, was but little above the horizon of the mountain: his decline irradiated the whole expanse of heath as with a sheet of burnished gold; whilst a superadded brightness illuminated all its prominent parts. Profusely grand was this luxurious moment—the next, the refulgent orb sank behind the elevated

* The enlightened traveller, from whose work this extract is quoted, rivals even the French in the remarkable facility he has displayed of spelling *proper* names *improperly*. Few of the places about Killarney have escaped the ordeal of his pen, and "*Ronnayson's*" for *Ronayne's* may be esteemed one of the most venial of his orthographical aberrations.

mass. This was not foreseen, and produced a greater effect than if it had been anticipated—for t seemed the operation of enchantment

" Dark, deep, and broadly-expanded shades, assuming the sable guise of night, now chilled that surface which instantly before had blazed with golden streams of warmth. The dazzled eye, contracted by the luminous effect of the sun, was, on its disappearance, though dilated, dimmed—the darkened tints which were thrown upon the lake operated an instantaneous transition of feeling—the sublimity of the scene had reached an acmé of gratification, in which we could no longer indulge—the excess of delight became a source of melancholy—and while a tributary tear involuntarily moistened the eye, as a grateful acknowledgment for the feast in which it had luxuriated, the relief of intellectual obligations could only be expressed by an effusion of deep-drawn sighs ; and memory will cease to exercise her functions, ere the impression is forgotten or

recalled, without a repetition of the even painful exuberance of pleasure that vision had occasioned."

Such is the splendid picture drawn by J. C. Curwen, Esq. M. P., whose observations on the state of Ireland, written in 1813, operated to dissipate whatever of prejudice remained in the minds of the better informed, and to correct numerous errors that had prevailed respecting this interesting country.

The Upper Lake far exceeds the others in sublimity. All its appurtenances are on a grand and imposing scale. Wherever we take our station, —whithersoever we turn our eyes,—the reign of primeval simplicity is accompanied by the most powerful expression of its influence. This sublimity affects the mind, and detaches it from every sublunary care; and perhaps it is from the peculiar operation of the powerful ascendancy of this feeling—that the author of this work has often preferred visiting the Upper Lake alone.

SHORES.

The details exhibited along the borders of this lake are as various and interesting as those we have already described: but general impressions coincide best with its character—and we therefore omit a minute examination of particulars—leaving to their own discretion those of our readers who may wish to explore the numerous coves, copse-crowned banks, rocks, glens, and cascades, with which its margins are diversified.

DERRICANIHY GLEN.

Having coasted close to the southern shore, we enter a creek between the main land and a far-projecting point, pass a rocky island, and proceed up a stream—which, issuing from a deep romantic glen that lies between Cromagloun and Derricanihy mountains, discharges itself into the lake. This has been ever considered by the eye of taste as super-eminent among all the widely-

extended attractions of Killarney. Nothing so completely effaces the recollection of all other scenes, or floats in such vivid colouring on the mind when their beauties are merely remembered.

Having followed the course of the rivulet (which is full and clear, and has its banks adorned with evergreens, shrubs, and aquatic plants,) we reach a deep, smooth expanse of the river, met at its upper end by a brawling current that rushes into it from among some rocks. Advancing a few paces we listen to the stunning sound, which proceeds from a sheet of water falling over a ledge of rock that traverses its course. Below it, a rustic bridge, of the rudest materials, is connected with a walk that winds away into a thicket of holly. The exploring eye of expectation is actively employed in looking for some humble residence, where contented poverty may be loitering away its lonely existence, until — on our landing at an opening in the path, and pursuing the way for a few steps—the

unexpected prospect of a highly finished thatched dwelling suddenly bursts on the sight.

HYDE'S COTTAGE.

This retreat was chosen, and the building planned, by the Rev. Arthur Hyde, Rector of Killarney, &c. It stands a living proof of the fine taste and feeling that superintended its erection. The cottage consists of a ground floor, and an attic story appropriated to bed-chambers and lighted through the thatch. It is surrounded by rustic columns, richly entwined with creeping plants which festoon the edges of the projecting roof. It is seated on an undulating lawn of green-sward, the soil of which is so thin that the grey rocks frequently appear through it. This sequestered abode is decorated with a profusion of flowers, highly cultivated, but so judiciously disposed that they seem the boon of nature; and the entire is calculated to recall the following pleasing lines, descriptive of a somewhat similar scene:—

Still seem I to behold what then I saw,
The white walls of a cottage in the sunlight,
And o'er the roof, with green leaves fluttering,
A broad elm spread its boughs, and small birds there
Were singing pleasantly—up the white walls
The jasmine climbed, and o'er the doorway's arch
Hung like a garland—

ANSTER.

STATION 30.

From hence a wood is descried, where the trees overtop each other until they become opposed to the rocky chain of Derricanihy, which descends in ledges merging into a deep ravine. Beyond it a partial view is obtained of the eminences approaching Cromagloun, which elevates its noble rocks to a great height on the left. A fine diversity of foliage occupies the middle distance, and, retiring on each side, discloses the beautiful cascade which enlivens the whole landscape.

DERRICANIHY CASCADE.

The ridge of Derricanihy Mountain, which descends to the ravine and then rises on Croma-

gloun, obstructs the numerous rills which collect in the glen above it. These united waters pour over the rocky ledge, in several falls—which are often hid by the interwoven masses of foliage, and as often re-appear, spouting in some new direction or gushing across each other. The lowest fall is hid by the underwood.

> And from the loud-resounding rocks below
> Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
> A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
>
> THOMSON.

After an interval of shrubby borders and grassy projections, the banks shelve into the channel of a stream,—which, with additional fury, boils and whirls round advancing rocks and wooded steeps, until—once more widening into a spacious basin—it precipitates itself over the rocks, which now lie on our left. We may proceed all along this most romantic glen, by a very commodious mountain path ; and few walks of similar extent

better repay the degree of exertion which they require. The intermixture of lines, brought into contact at every bend of the road, is singular in the extreme. The torrent which, flashing over a craggy barrier, sinks behind it far down out of sight,—drooping foliage and impending banks,—weather-beaten rocks protruding their grey fronts,—clusters of stately trees bending under their thick foliage,—masses of hanging wood,—reaches of the stream occasionally extending along,—coarse grassy pastures browsed by the red deer,—glimpses of the Upper Lake,—and glorious views of the mountains,—successively greet the eye. On the ascending side are beheld—steep acclivities bespangled with glancing streams threading the dewy brushwood,—birches, shooting up their slender branches higher than the aspen,—and larches with their pensile twigs sweeping the ground. Every thing wears the genial aspect of nature's wild luxuriance.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme!
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due!

BEATTIE.

CROMAGLOUN.

THIS mountain is covered with tangled roots of furze, heath, and coarse grass. In many places the surfaces of bare rocks lie exposed to a great extent, and chasms and precipices complete its character. It is consequently difficult to cross —but we wind over to it from the top of the glen, and make out our trackless way to the brow which commands the Upper Lake.

STATION 31.

An immense amphitheatre of awful mountains are seen to encompass the lake, which is displayed in its entire extent like a mighty reservoir — receiving numerous streams, that resemble broken lines of light, meandering down to its

G N Smith del.t

W H Lizars Sculp.t Edin.r

THE UPPER LAKE FROM CROMAGLAUN

spacious surface. Macgillicuddy's Reeks, terminated by the Sugar-Loaf on the left and Purple Mountain on the right, form a wedge-like assemblage of conical peaks, and constitute an inexpressibly fine back-ground. As we descend the mountain from this station, the river of the defile with the Eagle's Nest and Turk Mountain appears in view; and, farther down, we distinguish all the minor features of the landscape.

Stag-Hunt.

On the 31st of August 1820, a hot sultry day, while the writer of this work was engaged in sketching the interesting scenery around, from a rock in this quarter—he was very agreeably surprised by the halloos of a stag-hunt, and the gay appearance of a number of boats coming quickly up the defile river. The chase had been planned in honour of T. S. Rice, Esq. M. P. who was on a visit with a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Killarney. The deer did not afford the sport that was expected, having kept under cover of

the woods, and was killed by the dogs. However, the light airy appearance of the company in the boats,—their passage through Coleman's Eye into the lake,—their circular movement back into the river,—their rapid disappearance down the stream,—the music and the echoes,—were all calculated to leave an impression on the mind too delightful to be easily effaced.

UPPER LAKE (REVISITED).

HAVING descended to the margin of the lake, we find a commodious place of embarkation opposite to Oak Island, and obtain from the little bay a perfect specimen of close scenery.

STATION 32.

Purple Mountain rises on the right—its base finely marked by Oak Island with its little unassuming cottage. Part of the Reeks are seen, broken and abrupt, in the distance; and the little bay is fringed round with mossy rocks, tufted with arbute, holly, and other evergreens,

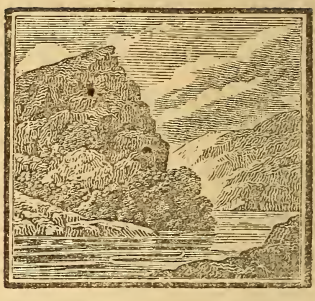
which are sweetly reflected in the clear water beneath us.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

By rowing round a little to the right, we enter a large inlet of the lake at this place. Having surveyed this basin, and enjoyed the contrast of its opposite shores, we next proceed to

COLEMAN'S EYE.

This is a narrow strait uniting the river of the defile to the Upper Lake. A ridiculous story may be learnt from the boatmen, of a mighty hero having imprinted his footmarks on a rock here, in springing out from the adjacent woods on some chivalrous exploit: but it is purely a lake fiction. From hence to the Middle Lake the distance is about three miles, and the way is amusing from its variety. It is, however, generally passed under circumstances which render it little attended to: on going up, tourists are all anxiety to see the Upper Lake; and on going down they are full of breathless expectation of hearing the echoes at the



EAGLE'S NEST.—STATION 33.

The situation of the eyry, from which this celebrated rock takes its name, may easily be discerned at a cleft near its summit, about which eagles are generally seen hovering in the air. This strange assemblage of fractured rocks forms the abrupt extremity of a range, which lessens from the river inwards, but swells here into a huge mass of stone, from which clusters of trees spring in such profusion as if the mineral kingdom were their natural habitation. Here in stormy weather the noble bird of Jove may sometimes be seen, unmoved amid the conflict of adverse elements; and the following vivid des-

cription, although not strictly applicable in all its parts, may be here not unappropriately cited :—

> The storm hath ceased; but still the lava tides
> Roll down the mountain side in streams of fire;
> Down to the lake they roll, and yet roll on,
> All burning, through the waters. Heaven above
> Glows round the burning mount, and fiery clouds
> Scour through the black and starless firmament.
> Far off, the Eagle, in his mountain nest,
> Lies watching in alarm, with steady eye,
> The midnight radiance.
>
> SOUTHEY.

The astonishing echoes produced by horns or similar instruments, or by firing a gun or swivel here, constitute the leading attraction. The musicians remain near the base of the rock, and the company are landed on the opposite bank out of their view; but the fire-arms are placed on a rocky projection opposite to the lofty cliff. Mr. Ockenden, who published his "Letters from Killarney" upwards of fifty years ago, has the following passage, which, at present, is equally applicable to the scene described as it was when he wrote.

"Suddenly, to our inexpressible amazement, we were surprised with music sweeter than I had ever heard before, which seemed to rise from the rock at which we gazed, and, breaking upon us in short melodious strains, filled the very soul with transport. Angels from the sky, or fairies from the mountain, or O'Donoghue from the river, was what we every moment expected to appear before us; but after a quarter of an hour's fixed attention, all our raptures were dispersed by a clap of thunder most astonishingly loud, which, bursting from the same direction whence the music had lately seemed to flow, rent the mountain with its roar, and filled us with the apprehension of being instantly buried in a chaos of wood, hill, and water. But the horror was as suddenly dissipated by the return of the soothing strain which had before entranced us.

"The second music, which immediately succeeded the thunder, seemed more soft and lulling than the first; but our elysium was very short,

being soon lost in another clap, still louder than that which had preceded it, and which burst suddenly upon us, again awakening us to terror: when, lo! a third return of music, superlatively sweet indeed, restored our senses and reinstated our hearts. It lasted some time, and a most solemn silence ensued."

There is no exaggeration in this glowing account of the surrounding echoes. It may be generally remarked—that they begin about the opening between Turk and Mangerton, and, reverberating from hill to hill all round to the south, die away towards the Gap of Dunlow.

Pursuing our rapid way down an uninteresting space (the effect of the echoes gradually fading from our mind,) we arrive at

OLD WEIR BRIDGE,

under which the boats descend with great rapidity, borne along by the impetuosity of the current. The ascent of the defile through this

place presents a considerable obstacle to visiting the Upper Lake, and is attended with a great deal of difficulty. The company have to land and walk round by the shore, while the men drag the boat through the arch. The boatmen are so expert—that casualties of a serious nature very rarely occur during the descent. Having surmounted this impediment, we pass on with great rapidity until we arrive at

DINAS ISLAND,

where the stream divides itself into two channels which encircle it. That which passes off to the right meets the Middle Lake, while that on the left glides round to the bay of Glena. This island is a delightful woodland retreat, possessed of great diversity of scenery; and few tourists fail to land in it, to enjoy its calm seclusion and partake of refreshment. "We dined here," said a friend of the author, "and experienced every civility from the inmates of its retired cottage. On parting we pressed a small gratuity on them in return for their attention, but

the acceptance was not accorded until they had slipped a noble brace of woodcock into our basket:"—a delicate expression of generosity worthy of Dandy Dinmont himself. We now row through the bay of Glena, or pass under Brickeen Bridge,—and, crossing the Archipelago, land at Ross Castle, whence we proceed up the road to the town of Killarney.

INTRODUCTION TO THE ROUTES.

ALTHOUGH a great deal has been written on the Lakes of Killarney, it is generally allowed that nothing like an adequate guide through their varied scenery has yet appeared. The more intimately I became acquainted with their exhaustless details, the more I felt convinced how useful would be a work that should conduct a stranger to every part worthy of notice, and inform him how to spend his time to most advantage during his visit. In Weld's book, the matter necessary to this end is too much scattered to be really serviceable on the spot, and—with one or two exceptions—his drawings are conceived with such a latitude as makes them appear mere recollections

of the scenes rather than topographical delineations. An anonymous pamphlet, published in 1776, points out seven stations and gives a cursory account of the scenery, with a map drawn without rule from some elevated situation, and utterly unfit for the present day. Mr. Young, who remained among the lakes for three days during his Irish tour, describes one or two scenes,—but the rest of his account consists merely of an enumeration of such objects as struck his fancy. Sir R. C. Hoare, Okenden, Curwen, and other tourists, have inserted similar notices in their works, each contributing a little to the mass of description; but that which has dropped from the pen of Sir John Carr is almost too contemptible to be noticed. The article relative to Killarney, in "The Traveller's Guide through Ireland," is merely a digest of Weld's work,—and bears every mark of having been arranged in the editor's study, with an accession of blemishes and not one improvement. The "Scientific Tourist" has a well written article on the lakes,

condensed into five pages, and consequently too confined to serve as a guide. These facts stand forward as an apology for attempting the present work, in which the main design has been to point out the objects which claim universal attention, without interlarding it with extraneous subjects. Parties seldom remain long on their visits, and their time is frequently abridged by unfavourable weather,—for which reasons various routes are marked out, to be pursued by such as can spend only one, two, or three days; and these have been chosen so as to embrace features of paramount interest, such as should never be overlooked. The stations are all marked in the map which accompanies the work, and by turning from it to the Contents, the reader will readily find what he wants, as contiguous objects are all described in connection with each other.

Aghadoe Ch.
Pulpit
Dunloe Castle
Laune Br.
Cronagh
Laune R.
Maudugh
MACARTHY MORE'S COUNTRY
To Tralee
To Castle Island
To Cork
KILLARNEY
Chapel
Church
Belview
Prospect
Mahonys Pt.
Deenagh R.
West Domain
L.d Kenmare Ho.
LOWER LAKE
Road thro' Gap of Dunlaw
Lamb I.
Brown or Rabbit I.
Heron I.
Nest
Bensons Pt.
Irrastellen I.
O Donoghues Prison
Cherry I.
ROSS
Naked I.
Abbey
ROSS
House
ISLAND
Cahirnane
Castle Lough
Flesk R.
Quay
O Sullivans Cascade
Tomies Mt.
Mines
Table I.
Pidgeon I.
Jackdaw I.
Fishery
Coarse I.
Rock Chicken
Stag I.
Burnt I.
Glena Pt.
Tomaze Mt.
Darbys Garden
Otter Rock
Camillan Pt.
Eskey
GLENA BAY
Gun Rock
Doolagh
Brickeen
Brickeen I.
Glena Mt.
Glena Cottage
Purple Mt.
Cascade
Girmeen Mt.
Dinis I.
TURK LAKE
Old Weir Bridge
Eagles Nest
Station for Music
Station for Audience
Long Range
Carrowbine
Arbutus
Colemans Eye
Ronayne
UPPER LAKE
Oak Island
The Castle
Cromaglaun
Derricunnihy Cascade
Tomies Bay
Ash I.
Horse I.
Sugar I.
Ospray Rk.
Meran or Friars I.
Muckross
Abbey
Gull I.
Turner I.
Dwels I.
Grease
Turk Mt.
Turk Cottage
Turk Cascade
Green Hills
To Nedeen
Dromroork Hill
One Irish Mile
One English Mile
MAP of the Lakes of KILLARNEY.

W.H. Lizars Sculp.r Edin.r

ROUTES.

THE uncertain state of the atmosphere in mountainous regions is nowhere more frequently experienced and lamented than at Killarney; and strangers have often quitted this wonderful district without enjoying a single fine day. When the weather is unsettled, visitors should repair—on the first appearance of a favourable moment—to such parts of the scenery as are universally admired—and be content to explore a few of the leading features, in preference to visiting a multiplicity of objects of lesser interest. If a wet or cloudy day should clear up about noon (as is frequently the case), a very interesting part of the scenery may be visited by taking a boat at Ross Castle, and following the first route as far as practicable;—and a fine evening may be delightfully employed on the West Domain, at Stations 1 and 2.

ONE DAY.

Embark at Ross Castle.—See Account,—see also Stations 25 and 26.
Proceed to Innisfallen,
O'Sullivan's Cascade,
Station 22,
Glena Bay,
Dinas Island,
Old Weir Bridge,
Eagle's Nest,—See Account at Station 33.
Enter Up. Lake—Coleman's Eye—See Account of Up. Lake.
Proceed to Ronayne's Island,—See Station 29.
Hyde's Cottage,—See Station 30.
Return through Defile.—Descend quickly, and choose either of the following:—

Proceed up Middle Lake,
Turk Cottage,—See Station 14.
Return through Brickeen Bridge,
Proceed to Station 20.
Hen and Chicken Islands,
Disembark at Ross Castle.

Or, Proceed to Station 21.
Disembark at Brickeen Bridge,
Send Boat round to Castlelough Bay,
Walk up Peninsula,
Mucruss House,—Station 8.
Mucruss Abbey,
Green Hills,—Station 11.
Re-embark at Castlelough Bay,
Hen and Chicken Islands,
Disembark at Ross Castle.

ONE DAY.—Another Route.

Embark at Ross Castle,
Proceed to Innisfallen,
O'Sullivan's Cascade,
Greenagh.—Disembark, and send boats and provisions round to upper shores of Upper Lake.

Proceed to Dunlow Castle,
Through Gap of Dunlow,—See Account.
Continue to Station 28.
Upper Lake,—Re-embark.
Ronayne's Island,—See Station 29.
Hyde's Cottage,—Station 30.
Return through Defile River,—Coleman's Eye,
Proceed to Eagle's Nest,—See Station 33.
Old Weir Bridge,
Dinas Island,
Enter Middle Lake.—Take either of the Routes pointed out on entering Turk Lake in the preceding directions.

When parties remain for TWO DAYS, let them take either of the Routes described under One Day, and on the following proceed to

West Domain,—See Stations 1 and 2.*
Aghadoe,—and home to breakfast.

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* The places which are to be visited in rotation, are all set down under each other according to the succession in which it is intended they should be seen; and, when the stations are noted in a like manner, they are understood to designate places which are not otherwise named. But when the stations are placed in the margin, it is intended to point out to the reader —that he will find an account of the places to which they are annexed under their proper heads in the Contents.—For instance,

Then proceed by Flesk Bridge,—See Station 18.
Enter Cahirnane Domain,—See Account.
Station 7,
Station 17,—And, if Mucruss Abbey were not visited the preceding day, pass on to it now, and return to Cloghereen.
Proceed to Station 15,—See Account.
Ascend Mangerton Mountain,
Devil's Punch-Bowl,—Station 16.
Return down the Mountain,
to Turk Bridge,
Turk Waterfall,
Turk Cottage,—See Station 14.
Station 12,
Mucruss House,—Station 8.
Cloghereen,—Station 17.
Return to Killarney by Flesk Bridge.

Mem.—Mucruss Abbey is passed on returning—but it should be viewed on going out if not previously visited, as it is too dark and gloomy to be seen to advantage in the evening.

Pass Flesk Bridge,—See Station 18. } Means that you are 1st to pass F. bridge.
Enter Cahirnane,—See Description. } then enter Cahirnane
Station 7. } and go to Station 7.

The account of views at Flesk Bridge you find at Station 18.—The account of Cahirnane you find under its own heading, and the account of the view at Station 7, you also find under its heading,—and so on for all the rest.

Such as are deterred from encountering the fatigue of climbing Mangerton Mountain may employ their second day, beginning at

West Domain,—Stations 1 and 2.
to Aghadoe,
Danish Fort,—Station 3.
Glen in Deer-Park,
Station 4,
Aghahunnig Bridge,
Station 5,
Cross Flesk River,
Ascend Drumhooper Hill,
Coltman's Castle,
Proceed to Flesk Bridge,—Station 18.
Cahirnane,
Station 7,
Castlelough Bay,
Cloghereen,—Station 17.
Mucruss Abbey,
Green Hills,—Station 11.
Stations 12 and 13,
Turk Cottage,—Station 14.
Turk Waterfall,
Station 15.—And to Killarney by Kenmare Road.

In following these routes (intended for visitors who remain only one or two days,) all the leading objects are brought under view; and scarcely any scene is beheld a second time, so that the greatest possible diversity is presented. But this is not a desirable circumstance; for nothing excites greater surprise and affords more satisfaction—than witnessing the amazing

variety of character assumed by the same scenery, beheld under different effects of light and shade, and attended by striking changes of the atmosphere. The rapidity requisite for traversing such extensive scenery, in so short a space of time, affords the visitant little leisure for anything but admiration and astonishment. However, by turning over the accounts as he goes on, the most prominent objects cannot fail of fixing themselves on his memory, and furnishing ample matter for future enjoyment.

Parties who remain THREE DAYS may see the Lakes to great advantage by observing the following routes.

The first day should be dedicated to the ascent of Mangerton, as the views which it presents are all of the most extensive kind, and conduce to impart correct ideas of the topography of the lakes, which will be found materially to enhance the future enjoyment of their scenery. This journey should be undertaken after an early breakfast,—and, if a small supply of sandwiches or other refreshments be provided for the excursion, they will be found very grateful to the party, when arrived at the Devil's Punch-Bowl, where the keen air sharpens the appetite. Ladies, who may be unequal to the fatigue of climbing the mountain, can readily procure horses: such as are employed in the husbandry of the neighbourhood are generally sure-footed, and good hacks for this purpose.

Pass Flesk Bridge,—See Station 18.
Enter Cahirnane,—See Description.
Station 7,
Regain the Road at Castlelough Bay,—See Station 7.
Proceed to Cloghereen,
Station 17,—See Account.
Drumrourke Hill,
Station 15,
Ascend Mangerton.—When nearly halfway up, a lake is seen on the base of the mountain next to Glenflesk. This is Lough Catan. Another basin, situated in an immense chasm of the mountain which lies to the left of the line of ascent, is called Glen-na-coppul.
Remark Devil's Punch-Bowl,
Proceed to Station 16,—See Account.

Order the guide to descend on the southern side of the mountain, so as to bring the party on the Kenmare road at Turk Bridge; which will diversify the scenery and exhibit the station so highly extolled by Young.—Return to Killarney.

The second day should be spent on the Lower Lake, and in viewing the objects of interest on its shores. The Middle Lake also and its accompaniments should be visited. The character of these scenes is beauty, partially blended with a degree of magnificence, and is highly enjoyed after the stupendous scenery beheld the preceding day:—and the very circumstance of boating acquires additional zest, from the hardships previously undergone.

Embark at Ross Castle,—See Description, and Station 26.

Proceed to Station 25,—See Accounts in this work.

Reen Point,

Station 24,

O'Donoghue's Prison,

Station 23,

Innisfallen,—Spend as much time as possible here.

Rabbit Island,

O'Sullivan's Cascade,

Station 22,

Station 20,—Find this station from the directions given in this work.

Glena Bay,

Glena Cottage,—This place affords accommodation for partaking of such refreshments as the company may have brought with them. But perhaps it would be a better arrangement to sail round Innisfallen on coming out, without landing; and to repair to it in the afternoon for dinner, and remain till sunset.

Dinas Island,

Enter Middle Lake, called also Turk Lake.

Proceed to Station 21,

Brickeen Bridge,

Station 9,

Devil's Island,

Turk Cottage,

Station 14,

Turk Waterfall,

Order the boats round to a convenient place for embarking at Castlelough Bay, and walk from Turk Cottage to

Station 13,

Station 12,—Hence to Mucruss House, or to

Green Hills, Station 11,—See Description.

Visit Mucruss Abbey,

From hence go towards the lake at Castlelough Bay, where the boats were ordered to be in waiting, and re-embark.

Proceed to Sugar Island,
Ash Island,
Horse Rock,—And, if time permit, row in a variety of directions among the cluster of islands and rocks called the Hen and Chickens; thence to
O'Donoghue's Table,
Pigeon Island,—Pass the Estuary of the river Flesk to Ross Castle, and home to Killarney.

Or, if Innisfallen were omitted with an intention of banquetting there (as it is expressed), row from the
Hen and Chicken Islands, round by the Mines on Ross Island, Thence to
Mouse Island, and land on
Innisfallen.

The third day should be employed in passing through the Gap of Dunlow, viewing the Upper Lake and returning by the Eagle's Nest. The scenery of this district is of the most sublime description, and is best enjoyed after the beauties of the Lower Lake. The merits of Mangerton consist in the elevated positions which it affords for prospects the most extensive, and which impress the mind with an idea of grandeur; but the magnificent scenes, which the Gap and Upper Lake display, almost overpower the mind by their pre-eminent sublimity.

Take a boat either at Ross or Reen Point; or walk through the West Domain, and embark at the estuary of the River Denagh.

Proceed down the lower part of the Lower Lake,

Land at Greenagh, and send the boats and provisions round to the upper part of the Upper Lake to wait.

Proceed to Station 27,

Dunlow Castle,

Gap of Dunlow.—Ladies, or those who cannot undergo much fatigue, may ride from Killarney through the Gap of Dunlow to the Upper Lake—whither boats and provisions should previously be sent, and also an attendant, to take back the horses or other conveyance to Killarney.—Visit Station 28,—and then

Embark on Upper Lake,

Proceed to Ronayne's Island,—Refreshments may be taken here, as the scenery will never cloy.

Station 29,

Hyde's Cottage,—Station 30.

Derricanihy Cascade,

If time permit, climb Cromagloun Mountain to Station 31, thence to

Oak Island,—Or go from Hyde's Cottage to Station 32; thence to

Newfoundland,

Coleman's Eye, and

Enter the river which flows through the defile that connects the Upper and Lower Lakes,

Proceed to the Eagle's Nest,

Station 33,

Old Weir Bridge,

Dinas Island,

Brickeen Bridge,

Lower Lake,

Ross Castle,—And return to

Killarney.

A morning or evening visit should be paid to Violet Hill, the West Domain, and Aghadoe Ruins; all which, lying in the vicinity of the town, may fill up those hours which are often loitered away in preparations and arrangements for other excursions. If parties remain *a fourth day*, it should be spent in the scenery described from Station 1 to Station 6 inclusive.

MINERALOGICAL APPENDIX, &c.

Common copper ore, copper pyrites, grey copper ore, malachite, brown iron stone, and grey and red cobalt ore, in crystallized germinations and incrustations, are found at the old mines in Mucruss Peninsula, according to Weld.

Petrified shells are found incrusted, adhering to the graywacké rocks, at the extremity of the peninsula on the side next to Turk Lake. They are of the species *telenites* and *turbenites*.

Common galena, yellow copper ore, copper pyrites, brown and yellow blend, and grey copper ore, are found at the mines on Ross Island.

Hones and whetstones are found on the ridge beyond the stream which issues from the lake, on the summit of Mangerton.

Along two thirds of the Peninsula, Mucruss and Cahirnane Shores, to the river Denagh, Hen and Chicken Islands, Ross, Innisfallen, and Brown Islands,—the rock is limestone resting on graywacké,

generally of a pale blue colour, but of various tints in Ross and Mucruss Demesne.

At the extremity of the Peninsula, the islands at the entrance of Glena Bay, and that side of the lake,—the stone is graywacké.

On Turk Mountain is a quarry of graywacké slate.

Immense veins of quartz intersect the mountains.

A variety of utensils formed out of the grosser wood of the arbute are manufactured here, and may be purchased for a trifle.

Kerry diamonds are frequently offered for sale in great quantities, and may be obtained for a small remuneration.

BOTANICAL INDEX.

THE botanical notices usually inserted in topographical works, exhibiting a mere catalogue of undescribed plants, supply the tyro in the pursuit, or—to borrow the expression of an eminent professor still living—the *botanophilist*, with no means of investigating the specimens he may meet with on his excursions. The selection too is frequently conducted without sufficient discrimination—the names of several plants being introduced which are common to almost every soil—while those of others that occur but rarely are omitted altogether. In the following compendious herbal an attempt has been made to avoid these imperfections. Brief descriptions (extracted from Smith and Withering,) are annexed to the generic and specific designations of the plants; most of which have their habitats in the vicinity of Killarney exclusively,—or are at least seldom to be found wild in other parts of Ireland.

TRIANDRIA.

MONOGYNIA.

SCIRPUS. Glum. undique imbricatæ.

1. ——— FLUITANS. Caule folioso flaccido natante, pedunculis alternis nudis, spicis solitariis terminalibus.

DIGYNIA.

FESTUCA. Spicula oblonga, teretiuscula, glumis acuminatis.

1. ——— VIVIPARA. Paniculâ secundâ coarctatâ, flosculis compresso-carinatis muticis calyceque subpubescentibus, culmo tetragono, foliis setaceis lævibus.

TETRANDRIA.

MONOGYNIA.

RUBIA. Cor. campanulata. Fructus baccatus.

1. —— PEREGRINA. Foliis subquaternis ellipticis suprà nitidis lævibus, floribus quinquefidis.

PENTANDRIA.

MONOGYNIA.

LOBELIA. Caps. 2-sive 3-loc. Cor. irregularis, fissa. Stigma simplex.

1. ——— DORTMANNA. Foliis linearibus biloculariboos integerrimis, caule subnudo.

RHAMNUS. Bacca 3-loc. Cal. urceolatus, corollifer.

1. ——— CATHARTICUS. Spinis terminalibus, floribus quadrifidis dioicis, foliis ovatis, caule erecto, baccâ tetraspermâ.

HEXANDRIA.

MONOGYNIA.

JUNCUS. Cal. 6-phyllus. Caps. supera, 3-valvis, polysperma.

1. —— CAMPESTRIS (var. B.) Foliis planis pilosis, spicis terminalibus sessilibus pedunculatisque, capsulis obtusis.

2. —— TRIFIDUS. Culmo nudo, foliis floribusque tribus terminalibus.

DECANDRIA.

MONOGYNIA.

ARBUTUS. Cor. ovata, basi pellucida. Bacca 5-locularis.

1. ——— UNEDO. Caule arboreo, foliis glabris obtusè serratis, paniculâ terminali, baccis polyspermis.

DIGYNIA.

SAXIFRAGA. Pet. 5. Cal. 5-partitus. Caps. 2-rost. polysperma.

1. ——— STELLARIS. Foliis serratis, caule nudo ramoso, petalis acutis, capsulâ superâ.

2. ——— UMBROSA. Foliis obovatis subretusis cartilagineo-crenatis, caule nudo paniculato, capsulâ superâ.

ICOSANDRIA.

PENTAGYNIA.

PYRUS. Cal. quinquefidus. Petala 5. Pomum inferum, 2 ad 5 loculare. Semina bina.

1. —— AUCUPARIA. Foliis pinnatis; foliolis æqualibus serratis glabriusculis, floribus corymbosis subtrigynis *(formerly* SORBUS AUCUPARIA).

2. —— Aria. Foliis simplicibus ovatis incisis serratis lineatis subtùs tomentosis, floribus corymbosis subdigynis *(formerly* Cratægus Aria).

POLYGYNIA.

Rubus. Cal. 5-fidus. Bacca supera, composita, acinis 1-spermis.

1. —— idæus. Foliis quinato-pinnatis ternatisque subtùs tomentosis, petiolis canaliculatis, caule aculeato.

2. —— saxatilis. Foliis ternatis glabriusculis, flagellis reptantibus herbaceis, paniculâ pauciflorâ.

DIDYNAMIA.

GYMNOSPERMIA.

Mentha. Filamenta distantia, recta. Cor. subæqualis.

1. ——— Pulegium. Floribus verticillatis, foliis ovatis, caule prostrato, pedicellis calycibusque undique tomentosis: dentibus ciliatis.

Betonica. Cor. labium superius planum, adscendens, tubo cylindraceo. Stam. longitudine faucis.

1. ——— officinalis. Spicâ interruptâ, corollarum laciniâ labii intermediâ emarginatâ.

ANGIOSPERMIA.

Bartsia. Caps. 2-loc. Sem. angulata.

1. ——— viscosa. Foliis serratis: superioribus

alternis, floribus lateralibus distantibus, antheris hirsutis.

MONADELPHIA.

DECANDRIA.

GERANIUM. Monogyna. Fruct. 5-coccus, rostratus : rostra recurva, nuda.

1. ——— LUCIDUM. Pedunculis bifloris, foliis quinquelobis rotundatis, calycibus transversé corrugatis, capsulis multicarinatis.

SYNGENESIA.

POLYGAMIA ÆQUALIS.

HIERACIUM. Recept. nudiusculum, punctatum. Pappus simplex, sessilis. Cal. imbricatus, ovatus.

1. ——— SABAUDUM. Caule erecto multifloro, foliis ovato-lanceolatis dentato-serratis subamplexicaulibus subtùs scabris.

HEDYPNOIS. Recept. nudum, punctatum. Cal. imbricatus, calyculatus. Pappus plumosus, sessilis, inæqualis.

1. ——— TARAXACI. Scapis subunifloris, folii runcinato-dentatis, glabris, calyce piloso.

POLYGAMIA SUPERFLUA.

GNAPHALIUM. Recept. nudum. Pappus scaber aut plumosus. Cal. imbricatus ; squamis scariosis, coloratis. Flosc. radii subulati.

1. ———— MARGARITACEUM. Herbaceum, foliis lineari-lanceolatis acuminatis alternis, caule supernè ramoso, corymbis fastigiatis.

MONŒCIA.

TRIANDRIA.

CAREX. Masc. Amentum imbricatum. Cal. gluma 1. valvis. Cor. 0.

Fœm. Ament. imbric. Cal. gluma 1-valv. Cor. 0. Stigm. 2. s. 3. Semen arillo ventricoso tectum.

1. ——— PULICARIS. Spicâ simplici androgynâ pauciflorâ : supernè mascula, fructibus patentibus subulatis, stigmatibus ternis.

2. ——— CURTA. Spiculis subsenis ellipticis remotiusculis nudis, glumis ovatis acutiusculis membranaceis, arillo integro.

3. ——— DISTANS. Vaginis elongatis pedunculo subæqualibus, spicis oblongis remotissimis, glumis mucronilatis, culmo lævi.

DIŒCIA.

TRIANDRIA.

EMPETRUM. Masc. Cal. 3-partit. Pet. 3. Stam. capillaria, 3—9.

Fœm. Cal. 3-partit. Pet. 3. Stigm. 9. Bacca. supera, 9-sperma.

1. ———— NIGRUM. Caulibus procumbentibus.

OCTANDRIA.

RHODIOLA. Masc. Cal. quadripartitus. Pet. 4. Nectaria 4, emarginata.

Fœm. Cal. quadripartitus. Pet. 4. Nect. 4. emarginata. Pistilla 4. Caps. 4, polyspermæ.

1. ——— ROSEA. Caule simplicissimo, erecto. Foliis imbricatis sessilibus obovatis. Cyma terminali.

MONADELPHIA.

JUNIPERUS. Masc. Cal. amenti squamæ. Cor. nulla. Stam. 3.

Fœm. Cal. amenti squamæ pauciores, demùm carnosæ, coalitæ in baccam trispermam.

1. ——— COMMUNIS. Foliis ternis patentibus mucronato-spinosis baccâ longioribus.

GYNANDRIA.

DIANDRIA.

SERAPIAS. Nectarium ovatum, gibbum, labio ovato.

1. ——— LATIFOLIA. Foliis ovatis amplexicaulibus, floribus cernuis, labio integerrimo acuminato petalis breviore.

CRYPTOGAMIA.

FILICES.

ASPLENIUM. Fructif. in lineolis sparsis. Invol. costam versùs dehiscens.

1. ——— ADIANTUM NIGRUM. Fronde subdeltoideâ alternatìm tripinnatâ : pinnulis lanceolatis acutiusculis inciso-serratis.

2. ——— TRICHOMANES. Fronde pinnatâ : pinnis

ovato-subrotundis crenatis, rachi subtùs complanatâ.

LYCOPODIUM. Caps. axillares, solitariæ, compressæ.

1. ———— SELAGO. Foliis sparsis integerrimis lanceolatis muticis uniformibus octofariis, caule dichotomo erecto fastigiato.

OSMUNDA. Sp. ramosa. Caps. pedicellatæ, nudæ, globosæ, striatæ.

1. ———— REGALIS. Fronde bipinnatâ apice spiciferâ : pinnulis cordato-lanceolatis glabris.

POLYPODIUM. Fructif. in punctis subrotundis, sparsis.

1. ———— DRYOPTERIS. Fronde ternatâ bipinnatâ patulo-deflexâ ; laciniis obtusis subcrenatis, radice filiformi.

2. ———— FRAGILE. Primary wings spear-shaped; leafits with a few irregular teeth towards the end : stem very slender and brittle.

3. ———— FRAGRANS. Leafits wing-cleft, lobes very entire; the under surface entirely covered by clusters of capsules (Supposed to be a dwarf species of the POLYPODIUM, now ASPIDIUM—THELYPTERIS.)

MUSCI.

TRICHOMANES. Fructif. margini frondis insertæ. Inv. urceolata, monophylla, exteriùs hiantia.

1. ———— TUNBRIDGENSE. Fronde alternatim bipinnatifidâ : laciniis involucroque serratis, fructificationibus solitariis margini axillarum pinnarum insidentibus.

BUXBAUMIA. Caps. obliqua, hinc gibba. Perist. exter. dentib. 16, breviss.: inter. membranaceum, plicatum.

1. ——— APHYLLA. Aphylla, pedicello elongato granulato; basi bulboso piloso.

2. ——— FOLIOSA. Acaulis, capsulâ subsessili, foliis lineari-lanceolatis.

HYPNUM. Caps. ovato-oblonga. Perist. exter. dentib. 16, basi dilatat: inter. membranac. dentat. Calyptr. membranacea, hinc fissa. Pedicellus e perichætio squamoso, laterali.

1. ——— POLYANTHOS. Caule repente ramosissimo, foliis lanceolatis acuminatis enervibus imbricatis erectis, operculo mucronulato.

2. ——— ATTENUATUM. Caule ramosissimo, ramis incurvis, foliis ovatis nervosis imbricatis: summis subsecundis, operculo conico.

3. ——— INTRICATUM. Caule repente, foliis lanceolato-subulatis serratis mediotenús uninervibus, capsulâ ventricosâ, operculo conico.

FONTINALIS. Caps. perichætio squamosa obvoluta. Perist. exter. dentib. 16, basi dilatat.: inter. cancellatum.

1. ——— ANTIPYRETICA. Foliis complicato-carinatis trifariis acutis, perichætii foliolis obtusis, operculo subulato.

2. ——— SQUAMOSA. Foliis imbricatis lanceolatis acuminatis concavis, perichætii foliolis operculisque obtusis.

POLYTRICHUM. Perist. exter. dentib. 32—64: inter. membrana plana, indivisa.

1. ———— ALOIDES. Foliis lanceolatis obtusis rigidis apice serratis, capsulâ cylindraceâ obliquâ, caule simplicissimo.

HEPATICÆ.

JUNGERMANNIA. Fruit-stalk naked: capsule 4-valved: seeds roundish.

1. ———— ASPLENIOIDES. Leafits egg-shaped; somewhat fringed. Shoots 3 or 4 inches long; pale green, Leaves upper edge fringed with little teeth alternate. Capsules egg-shaped, purplish black, shining. Leaves pellucid, pale green without veins.

2. ———— BICUSPIDATA. Fruit-stalks lateral: leafits with 2 teeth. Fruit-stalks 6 to 8 inches long. Capsules oblong, brown.

MARCHANTIA. Male: Calyx salver-shaped: anthers numerous, imbedded in its disk.

Fem. Calyx target-shaped, flowering on the under side: capsules opening at the top: seeds fixed to elastic fibres.

1. ———— HEMISPHÆRICA. Leaf scolloped. female calyx 5-cleft; hemispherical.

As the investigation of the lichen tribe requires glasses of an extraordinary magnifying power, it has been considered superfluous to classify them here systematically. The principal kinds found about Killarney are the CRENULATUS, FLORIDUS, FURCATUS, GLOBIFERUS, HORIZONTALIS, ISLANDICUS, PASCHALIS, PLICATUS, POLYRRHIZOS, PUBESCENS, PUSTULATUS, RESUPINATUS, and SCROBICULATUS.

ETYMOLOGICAL INDEX

OF

IRISH NAMES.

AMID the variety of subjects which fall within the limits of antiquarian research, there is perhaps none better calculated to develope the acumen, or detect the inability of the enquirer, than etymology. Unchecked by the severity of deduction imposed on the scientific speculatist, he is consequently obnoxious to all that delusion which arises equally from exuberance of imagination, or weakness of judgment. Embarrassed furthermore by a mass of conflicting evidence, from which the most discerning mind can but rarely educe demonstration, it is by no means matter of surprise—that the majority of etymologists have either directed their enquiries towards the corroboration of some prevailing opinión, or substituted some ungrounded theory of their own. Hence persons have been found hardy enough to identify Russian with Latin, and to discover in the Chilinese a strong affinity to the ancient dialects of Greece and Rome; who would, in fact, derive any one given language from any other given language,—

like a certain geometrician, who—having, through impatience of temper, not sufficiently attended to the conditions of a proposed theorem—elicited, after much labour, a resulting quantity twice too great; but when set right as to the course he should have pursued, replied, without the slightest discomposure,—"*Oh I'll "prove it that way now.*"

These observations, although true of the pursuit in general, are particularly applicable to what may be termed *topographical etymology*. Names of places (in many instances capriciously imposed,) usually originate in some local circumstance which may exist,—some striking event which may have occurred,—or some remarkable custom, or superstitious observance, which may have prevailed in their vicinity. Of these sources, that of natural situation has been in all ages and countries the most prolific.—Sallust records the derivation of the word *Syrtes*—"*quibus nomen ex re inditum.*" Tacitus in his treatise on Germany, unconsciously anticipates the prevalence of the terminations *brunnen*, *feld*, and *bach*, which so frequently occur in the proper names of places in that country:—"*colunt discreti ac diversi, ut fons, "ut campus, ut nemus placuit.*" The Irish town of *Athboy*, and the English town of *Oxford* (severally derivable from a Celtic and a Saxon origin), equally import "the ford of oxen."

These few remarks, connected with a subject which

would allow ample scope for protracted discussion, are intended as preliminary to the following descriptive catalogue, in which the simplest local interpretations have been adopted. The writer offers them with diffidence; arrogating, however, that degree of merit, which may attach to minute research and patient investigation.

AGHADOE. aoḋ *aodh*, and ḋoiġ *doigh*—both signifying "fire"—according to Vallancey, who adds:—"I think there must have formerly been "here, either a fire-tower or an altar, dedicated "to the fire of fires—the Sun." According to Smith it was called—"Antiently *Aghaboe*, i. e. "*campus bovis*," the field of the ox—aċaḋ *achadh* signifying "field." Thus the name of Aghaboe, in the Queen's County, is stated to have been originally Aghadoe: *aodh* is spelt by Vallancey—*agh*.

AGHAHUNNIG. aċaḋ *achadh*, "field," and uṅiċ *unich*, "bustle." The field of bustle, or strife.

BRICKEEN. bṗiċiṅ *bricin*,* "troutling." Thus the name of Balbriggan, in the County of Dublin (unless derived from Bregia, the ancient name of

* The Gaelic c is always pronounced like *k*.

the district in which it stands), probably means "Trout-Town;" as Belscaddan, in its neighbourhood, does—"Herring-Town."

CAHIRNANE. cαρn *carn*, "mass" (as of stones or rocks), and the augmentative αn *an*, which is also sometimes a diminutive.

CAMILLAN. cαm *cam*, "crooked," αjll *aill*, "cliff," and αn *an* (for which see Cahirnane).

CARROUNTOOHIL. cοrrαn *corran*, "reaping-hook," and ṫuaṫal *tuathal*, "awkward." Thus a promontory at Larne, in the County of Antrim, is called the Curran from its form.

CASTLELOUGH. "castle," and loċ *loch*, "lake."

CATAN. Said to mean—"that which cannot get away."

CLOGHEREEN. cloċαρ *clochar*, "steeple" (properly "congregation"), and the diminutive ȷn *in*.

CROMAGLOUN. cρόm *crom*, "bending," and gleαñ *gleann*, "valley." The slope to the valley.

DENAGH. ɒeṙnαċ *deunach*, "sad."

DERRICANIHY. ɒαjρ *dair*, "oak," ceαñ *ceann* "head," αġαjɒ *aghaidh*, "front."

DERRICARNAGH. ɒαjρ *dair*, "oak," cαρn *carn*, "heap," αċαɒ *achadh*, "field."

DINAS. ɒȷn *din*, "pleasant," and ȷnȷʃ *inis*, "island" (or αʃ *as*, "cascade").

DUNLOW. dun *dun*, "fortress," and lo *lo*, "water."

FLESK. fleasg *fleasg*, "moisture:" in old Irish—"water."

GLENA. gleannach *gleannach*, the adjective of gleann *gleann*, "valley."

GLENNACOPUL. gleann *gleann*, "valley," na *na*, "of the," and capull *capull*, "horse:" "probably," according to Weld, "from the excellence of its pastures."

GREENAGH. grian *grian*, "sun," and achadh *achadh*, "field."

INNISFALLEN. inis *inis*, "island," and fallan *fallan*, "beauty." Or perhaps inis fa lein *inis fa lein*, "island on the Lein," or Lower Lake of Killarney.

IRRELAGH. air re loch *air re loch*, "on the lake."

IVERAGH. ibh *ibh*, "tribe," iar *iar*, "west," and achadh *achadh*, "field." The tribe of the western field.

KENMARE. ceann *ceann*, "head," and muir *muir*, "sea."

KILLARNEY. cill *cill*, "church, and arnaigh *arnaigh*, "prayer" (or arne *arne*, "sloe"). Or, it may have been originally denominated from the name of some unrecorded saint.

LEIN. lin *linn*, "pool:" applied also to lakes and seas. Lough Lein is the name of the Lower Lake of Killarney. *Lein* is pronounced *Loun* (hence the river Loun,) according to the usage of Munster: thus, *ceann* is pronounced *ciounn*.

LISNAVAGEEN. lios *lios*, "court,"—(thus Malahide Castle, County of Dublin, like many other ancient baronial residences, is still called *The Court*,)—na *na*, "of the," magh *magh*, "plain," and the diminutive in *in*. The court of the small plain.

MANGERTON. moin *moin*, "mountain," garbh *garbh*, "rough," and tan *tan*, "district."

M'GILLICUDDY'S REEKS. mac *mac*, "son," giolla *giolla*, "page," and Coda *Coda*, a proper name—form *M'Gillicuddy:*—the son of Cuddy's page. *Reeks*, from ricis *ricis*, "flame,"—"to denote," according to the Rev. Mr. Jones, "the pyramidical and flame-like appearance of "their summits."

MUCRUSS. Stated, by the Rev. Mr. Jones, to mean "the mountain of the dark water, or the "gloomy mountain."

REEN. rian *rian*, "sea." Hence *Reen Point* means *Sea Point*. rian *rian* also means "point," or "head-land;" and hence the English word may perhaps be considered a translation of the Irish one.

ROSS. ꝛoꝼ *ros*, "pleasant." It also means "a place near the water;" which, in this instance, would be an appropriate interpretation.

SRONNABUIE. ꝛꝛon *sron*, "nose," na *na*, "of the," and bo *bo*, "cow."

TOMIES. tom *tom*, "grove," and aꝼ *as*, "cascade."

TULLIG. tallaġ *tullagh*, "hill," and lıġ *lig*, "stone."

TURK. toꝛc *torc*, "boar."

THE END.

DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER

FOR PLACING THE CUTS.

PLATES.

NO.		TO FACE
1.	View of the Town of Killarney from Aghadoe Road	Title.
2.	View of the Lower Lake, &c. from Danish Fort ..	Page 40
3.	The Lower Lake from Flesk Road	51
4.	The Middle Lake from Brickeen Island	76
5.	The Upper Lake from Cromagloun	178
6.	Ross Castle	58
7.	South-West View of Mucruss Abbey	
8.	Exterior of Mucruss Abbey	
9.	Cloister of Mucruss Abbey	

VIGNETTES.

Devil's Punch-Bowl	91
Eagle's Nest	182

MAPS.

Map of Kerry	5
Map of the Lakes of Killarney	191

1
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E
.5
.152
98

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